

POLICE

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MAY No. 54

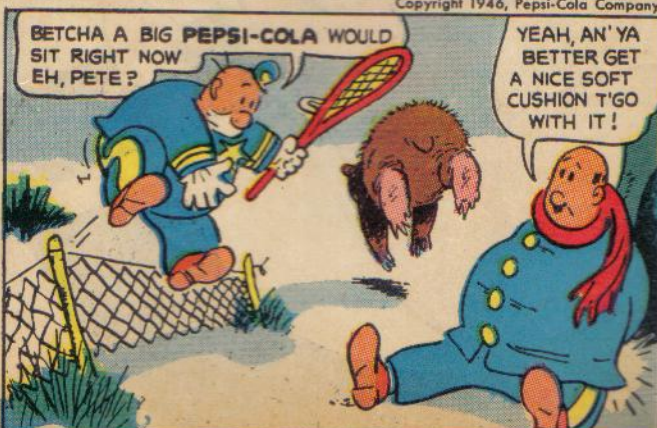
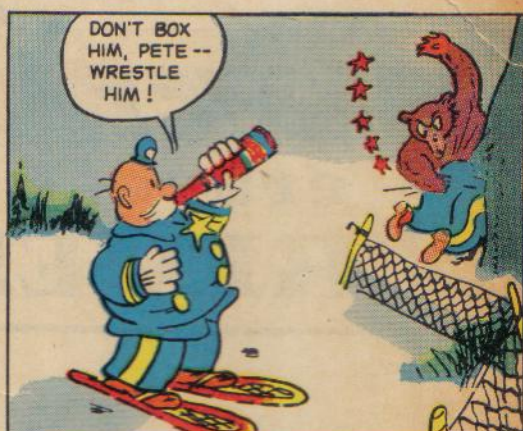
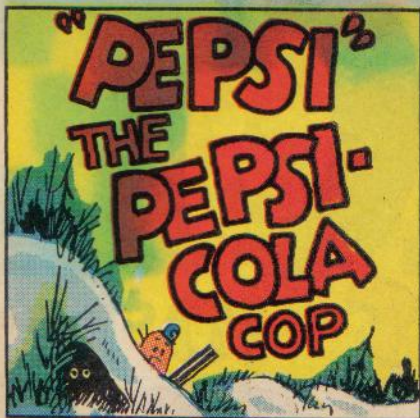
COMICS 10¢

PLASTIC MAN
erases
CRIME!



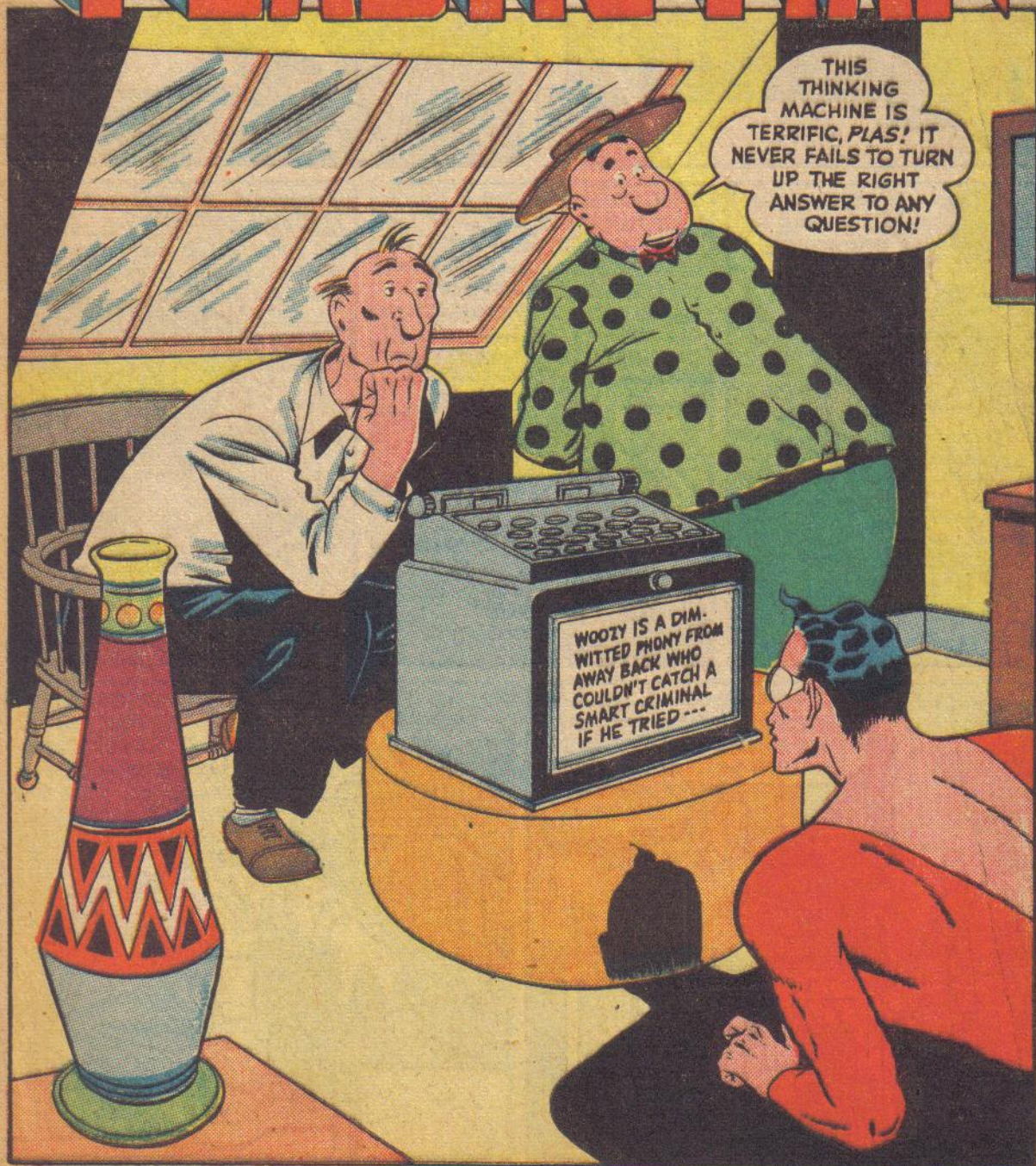


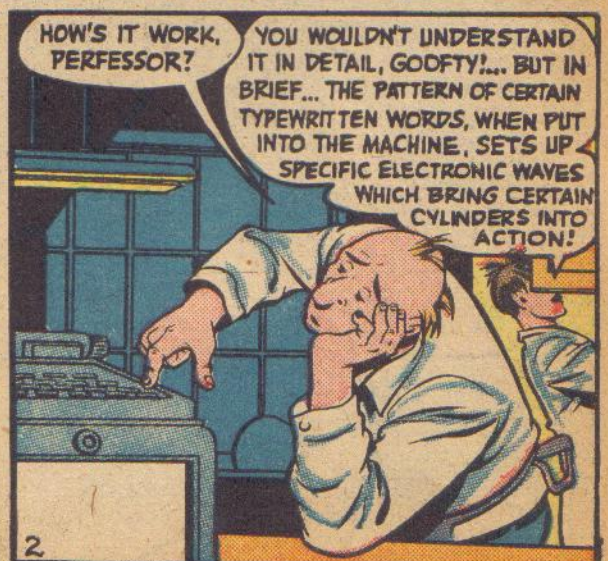
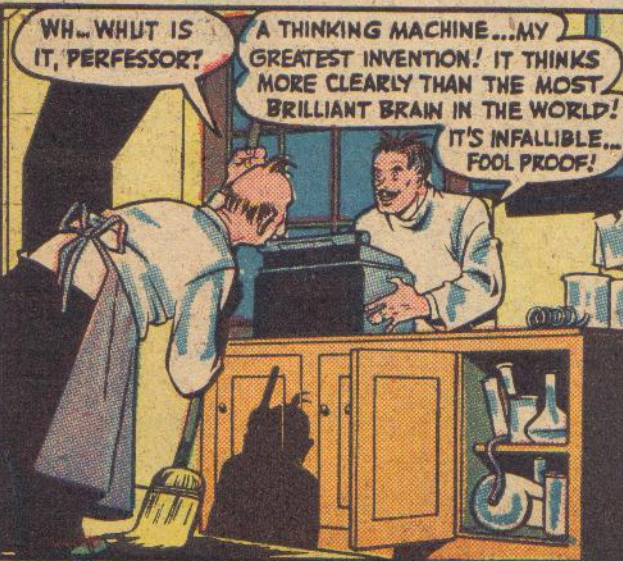
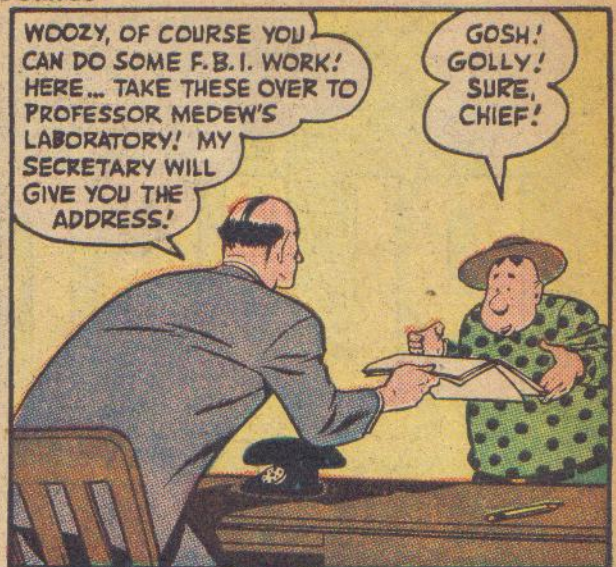
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

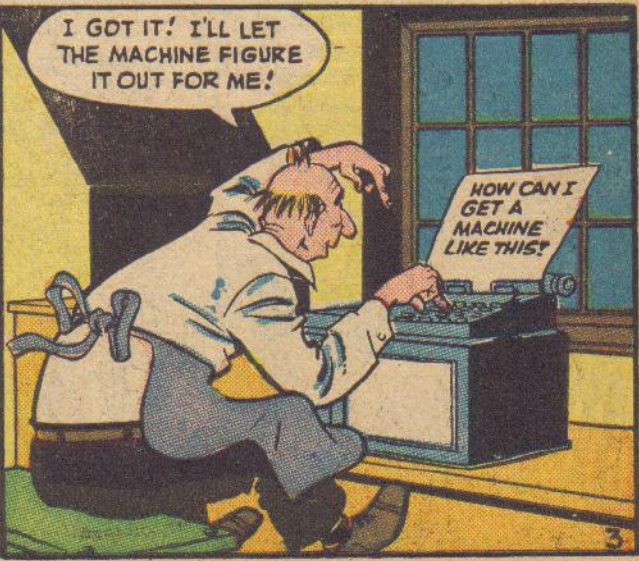
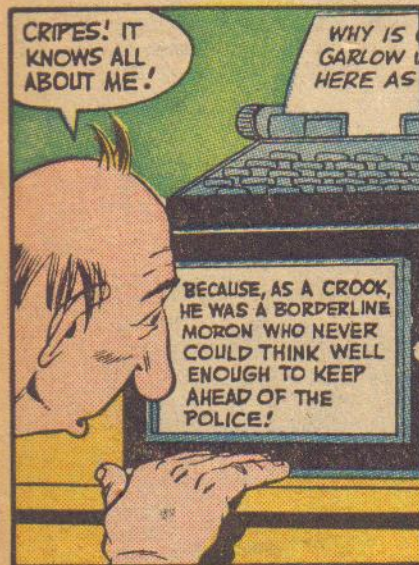
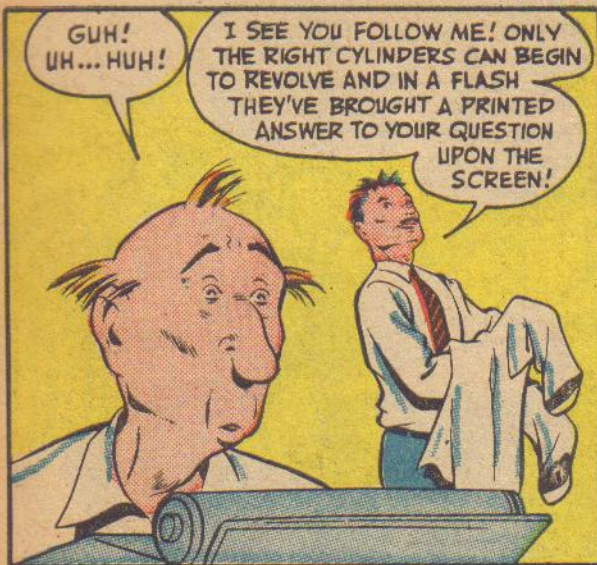


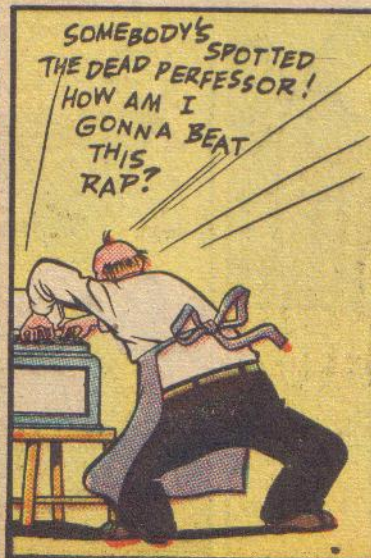
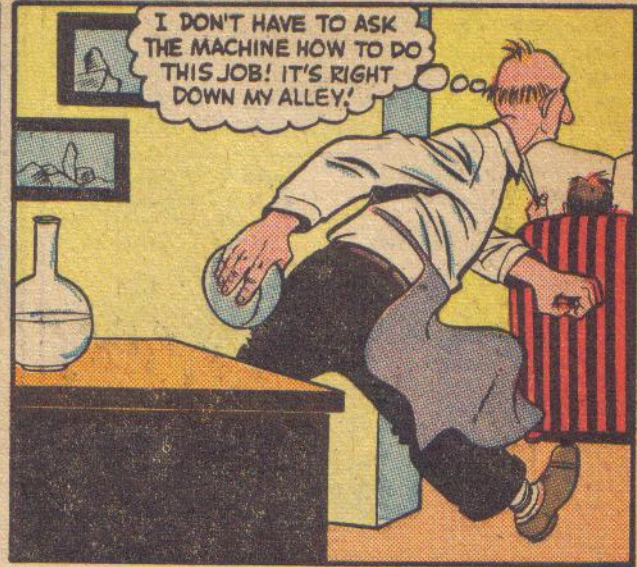
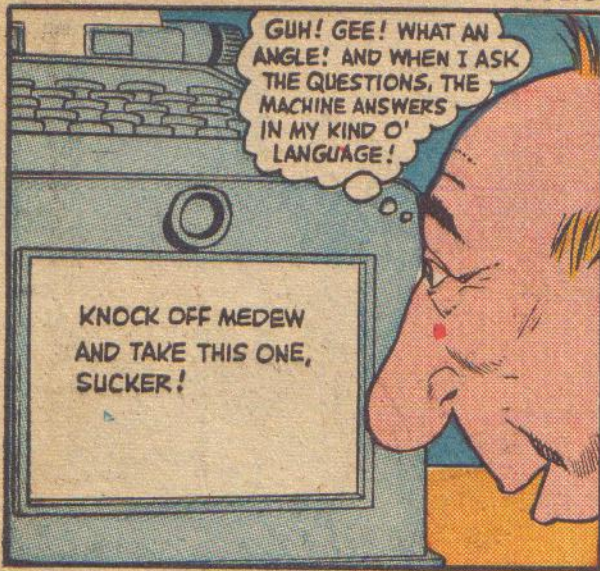
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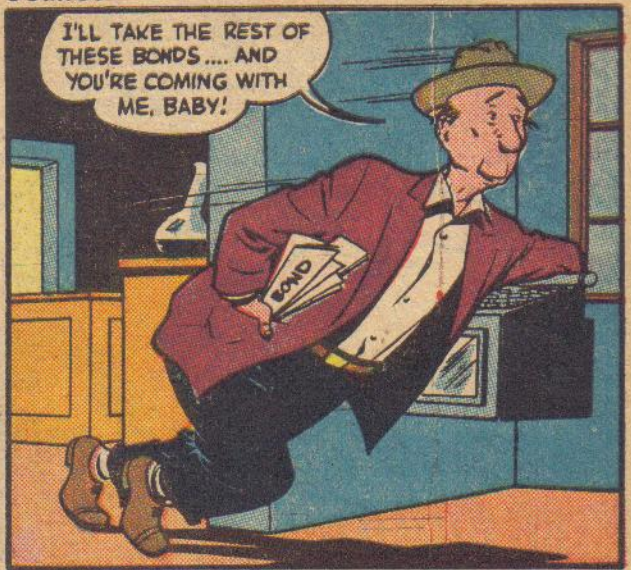
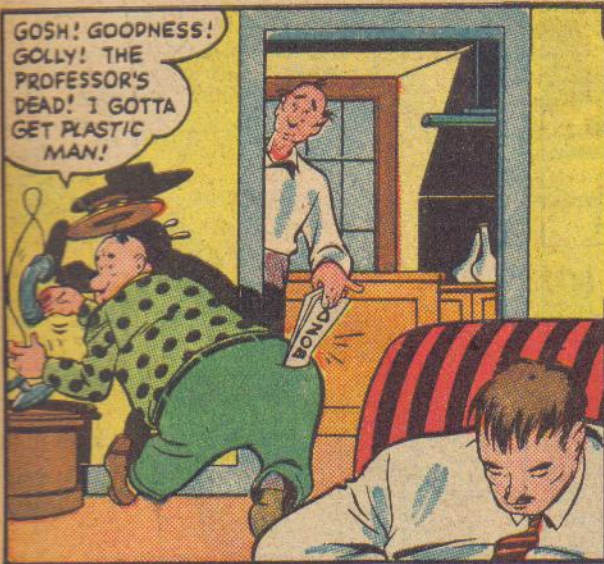
PLASTIC MAN

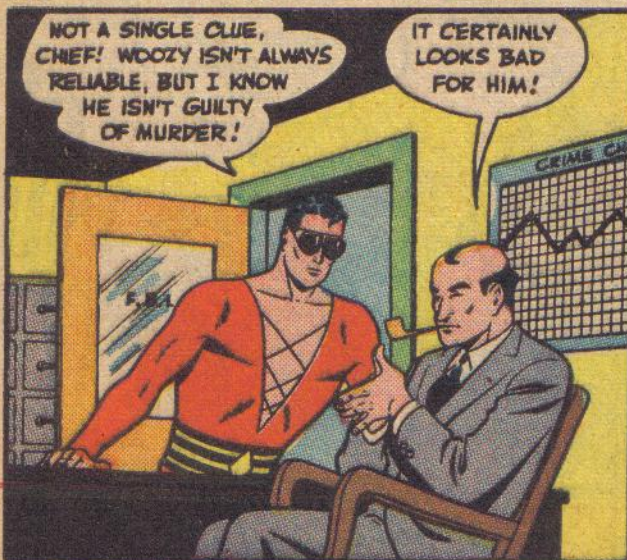
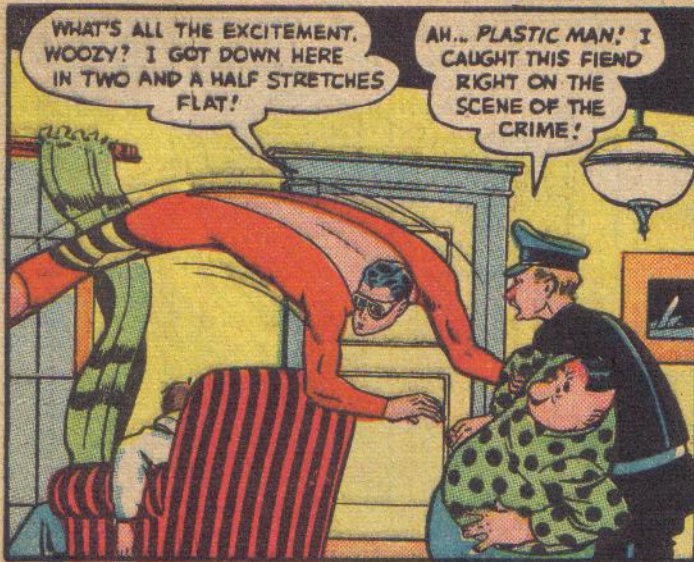


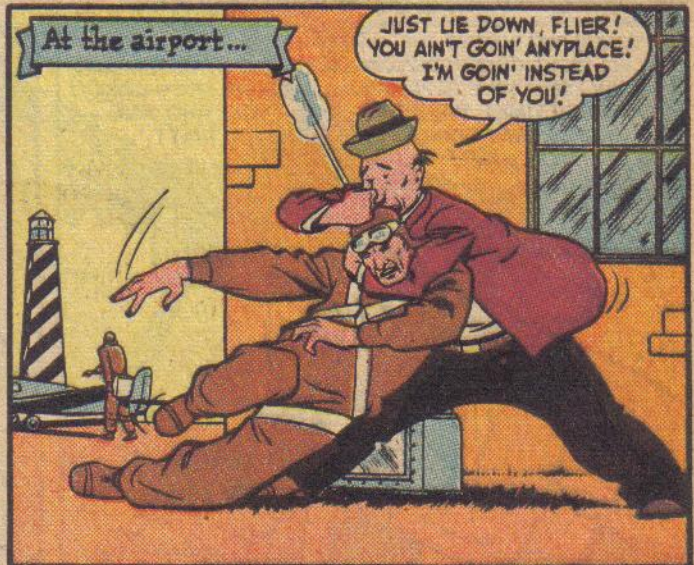
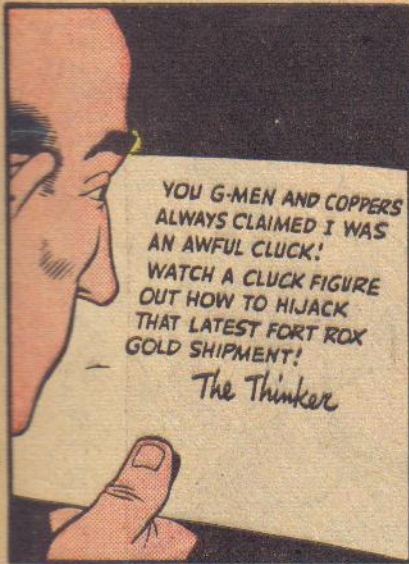


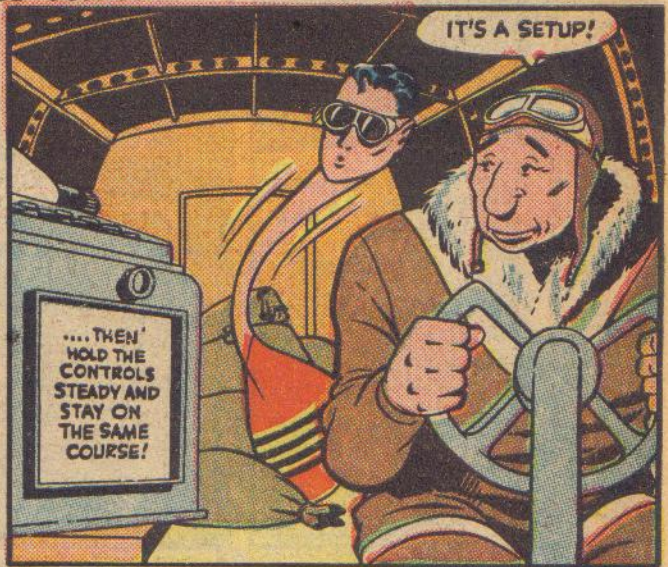


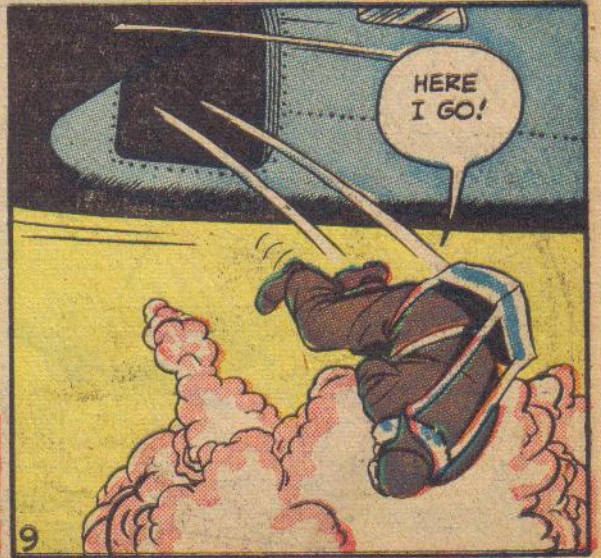
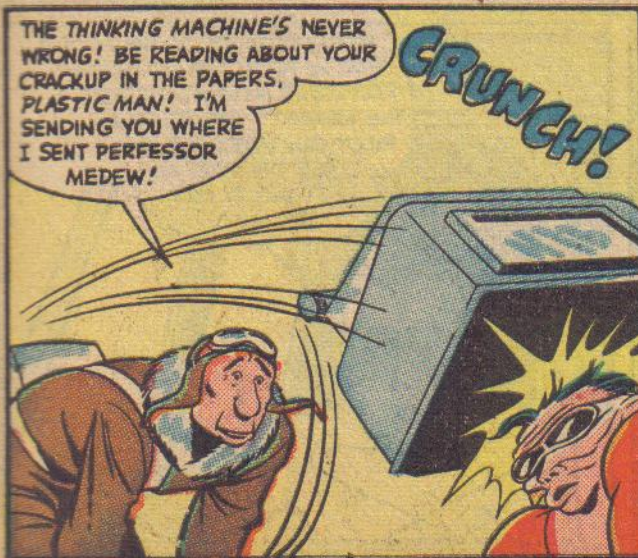
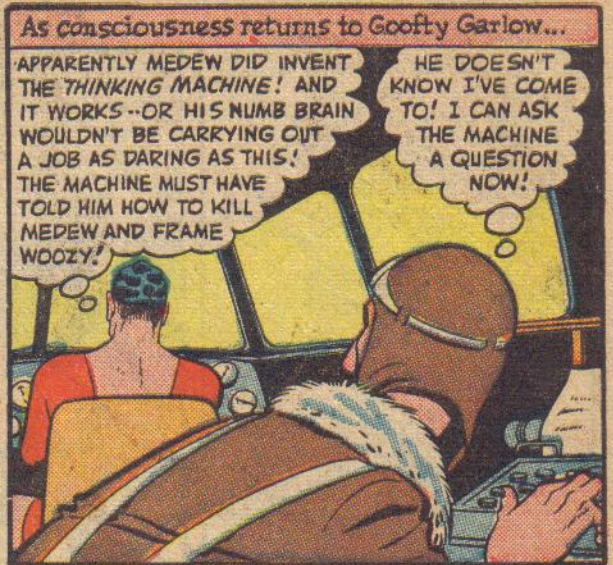
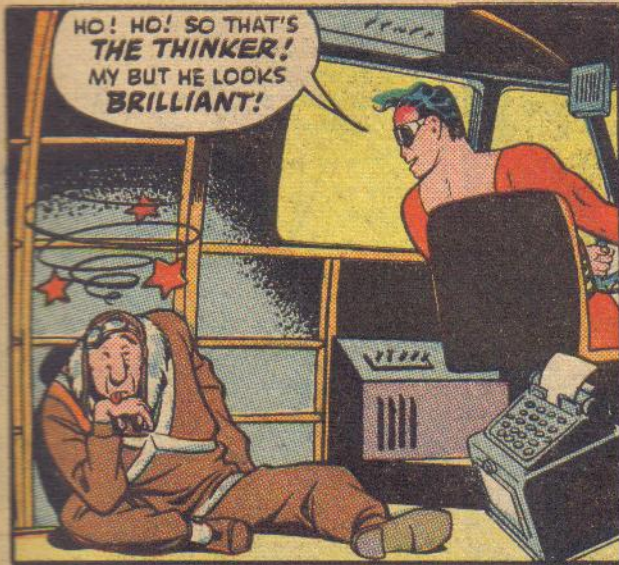


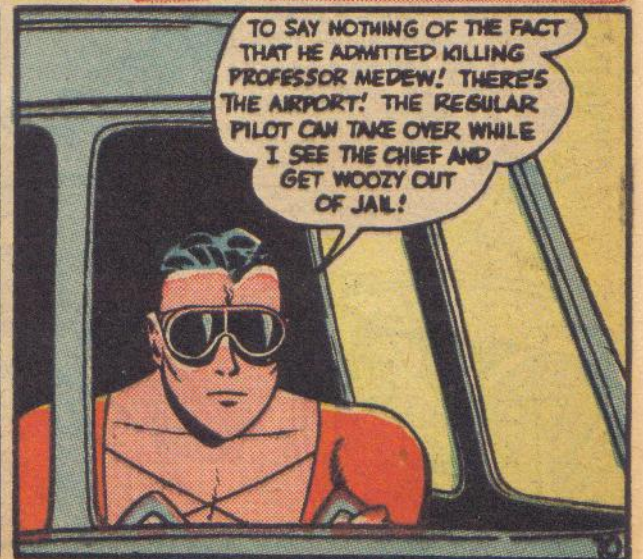
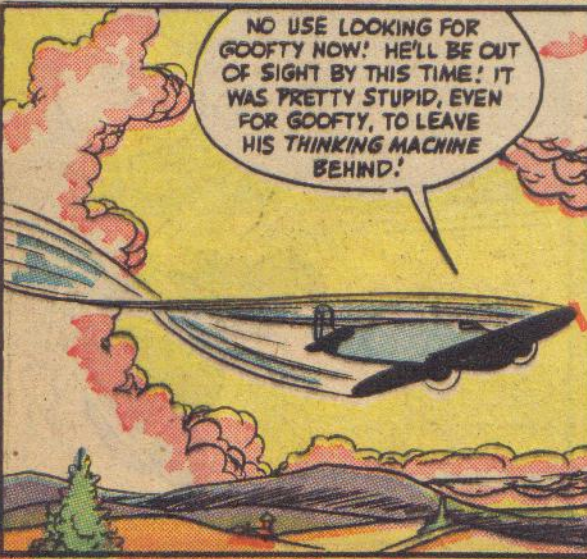
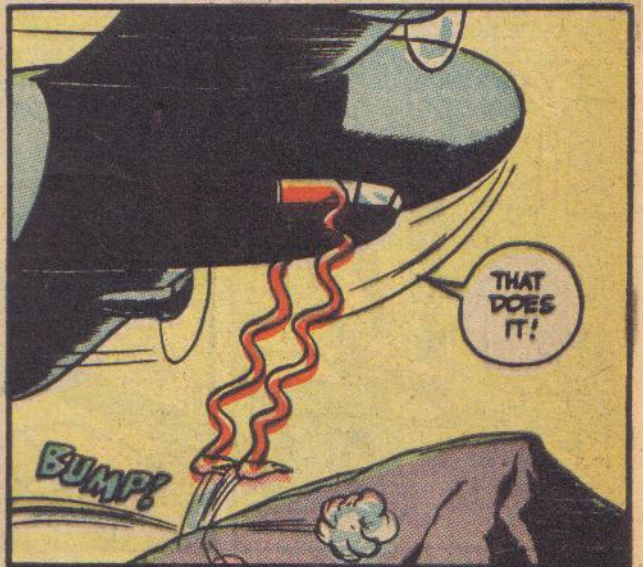
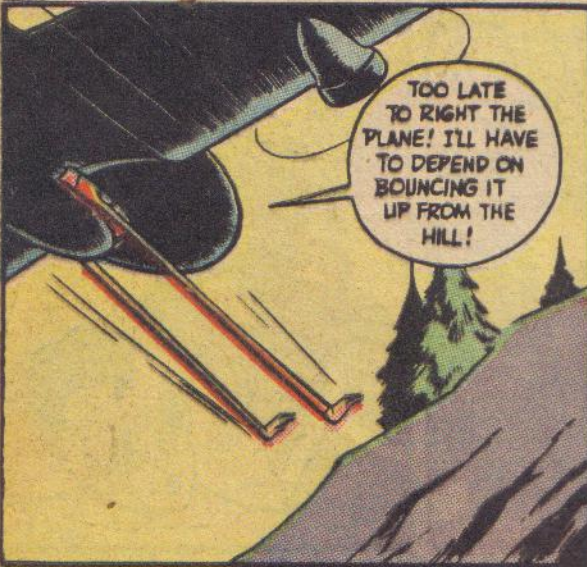












Back at F.B.I. headquarters...

A THINKING MACHINE?
BUT IT'S RIDICULOUS!
IT CAN'T POSSIBLY
WORK!

I'VE SEEN IT
WORK, CHIEF.... AND I'M
GOING TO GIVE YOU A
DEMONSTRATION! GOOFTY
GARLOW ISN'T TOO BRIGHT
AND I COULD CATCH HIM
EASILY ENOUGH
UNAIDED!



BUT I'M GOING TO LET THE
THINKING MACHINE TELL ME
WHERE HE IS AND SHOW
YOU THAT I'LL FIND
HIM THERE!



THAT'S FUNNY!
THE MACHINE
SEEMED TO GIVE
A DETAILED
ANSWER LAST
TIME!

IT'S FUNNIER
THAN THAT! THERE'S
BEEN A FIRE
RAGING DOWN IN
THE WALTON COAL
MINE FOR DAYS!



ANYWAY, I'M GOING
TO TRY IT! HAVE
YOU ARRANGED
FOR WOZZY'S
RELEASE?

HE'S ON
HIS WAY OUT
NOW!



HI, PLAS! WELL,
WE DID IT AGAIN.
DIDN'T WE? GOSH,
I WAS IN JAIL
PRACTICALLY
NO TIME AT ALL!
HEY, PLAS, WHY
THE RUSH?

IT SEEMS I'VE
GOT TO HAUL
PROFESSOR
MEDEW'S MURDERER
OUT OF A
BURNING
COAL MINE!



WHAT'S THE
ONLY POSSIBLE
WAY LEFT TO GET
INTO THE
MINE?

BY THE NORTH ENTRANCE.... BUT
THE ELEVATOR CAN'T BE USED!
NOBODY'S WORKED IT IN YEARS
AND THE CABLES ARE READY
TO BREAK!

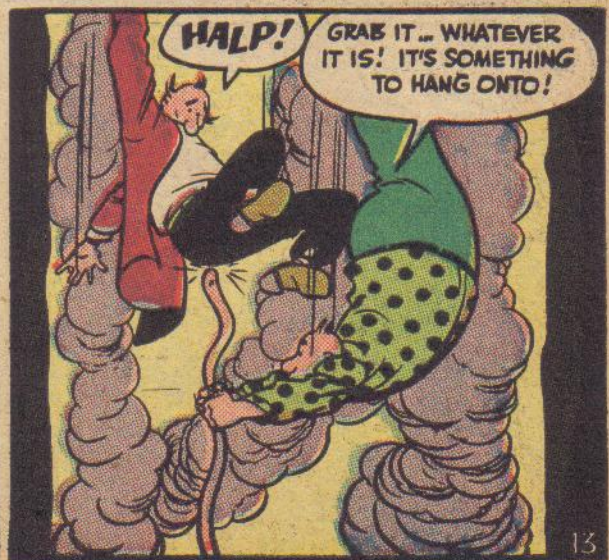
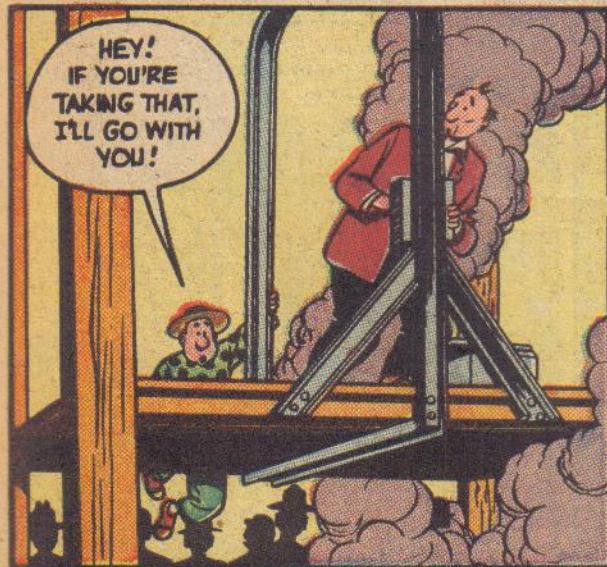


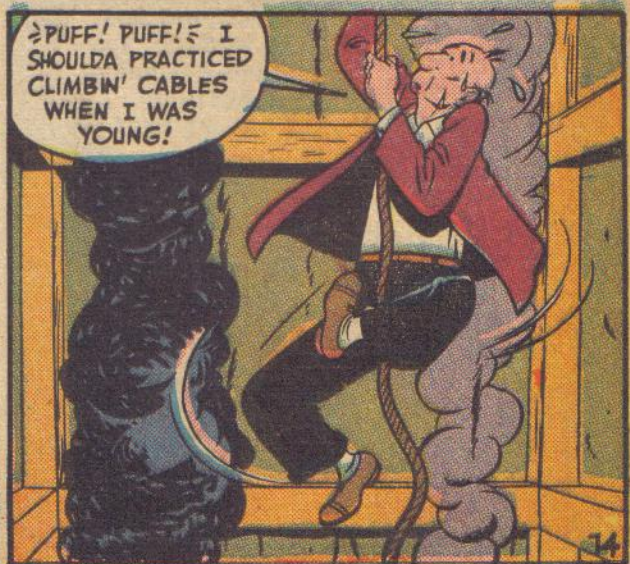
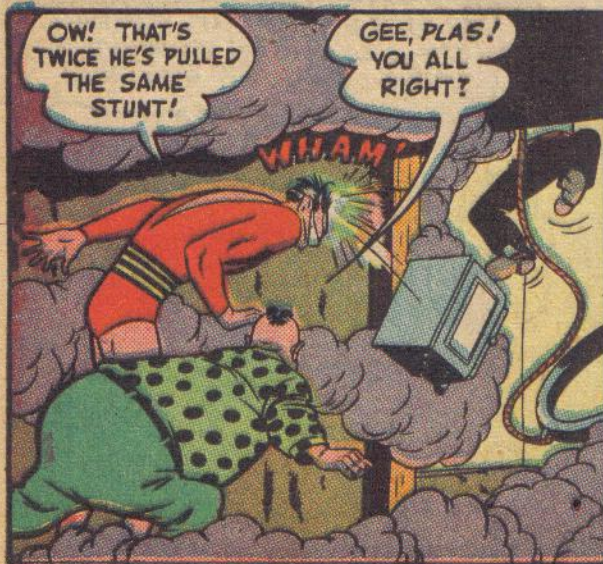
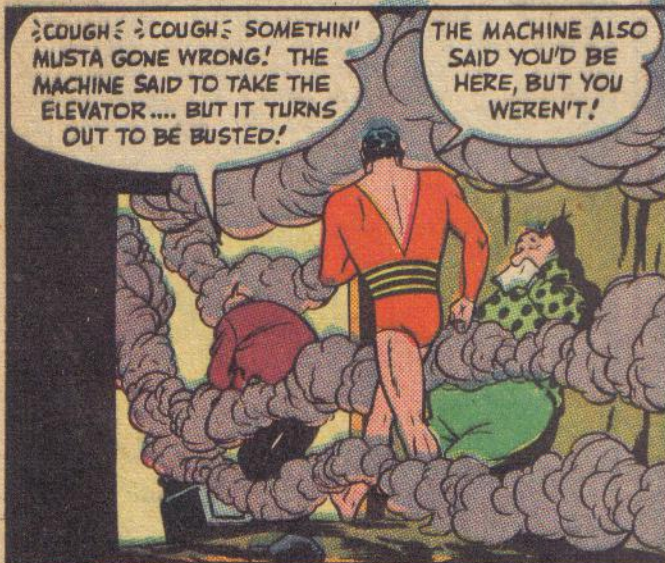
I DON'T THINK I'LL
HAVE TO STRAIN THE
CABLES! WOZZY,
HOLD THIS MACHINE
FOR ME!

SURE, PLAS! ... BUT
MAYBE I OUGHT
TO GO DOWN
WITH YOU!

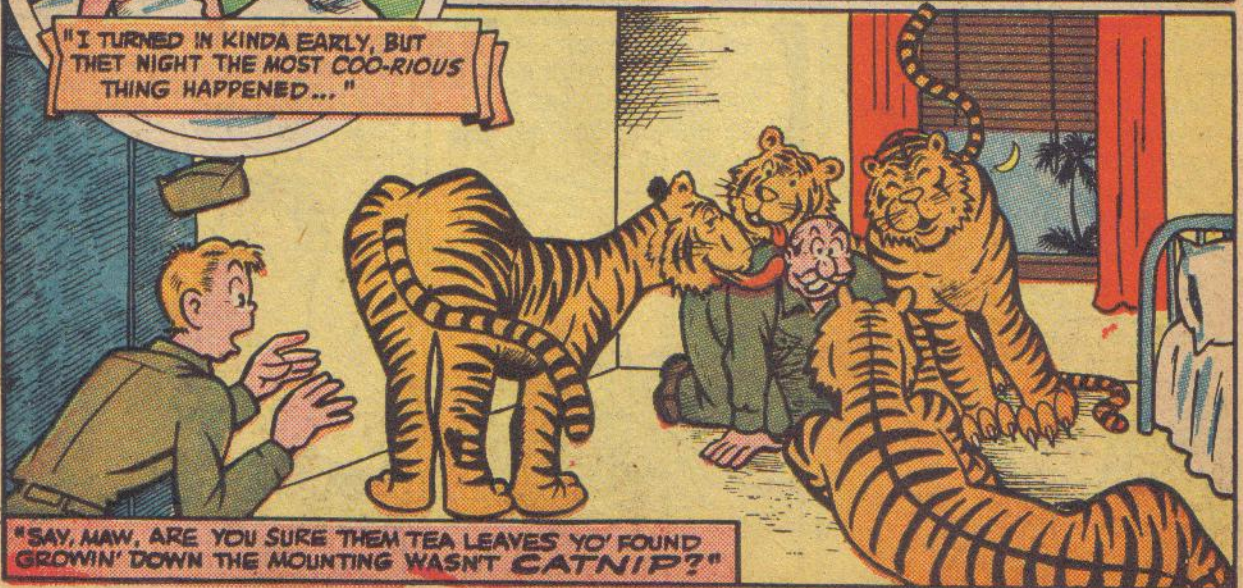
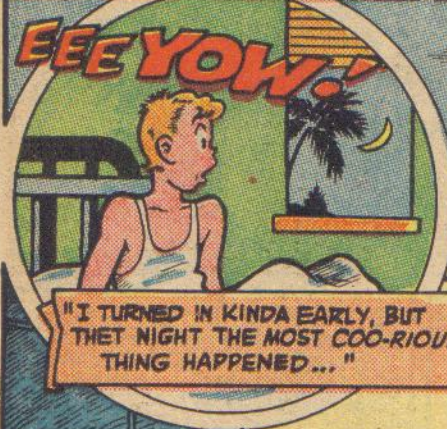
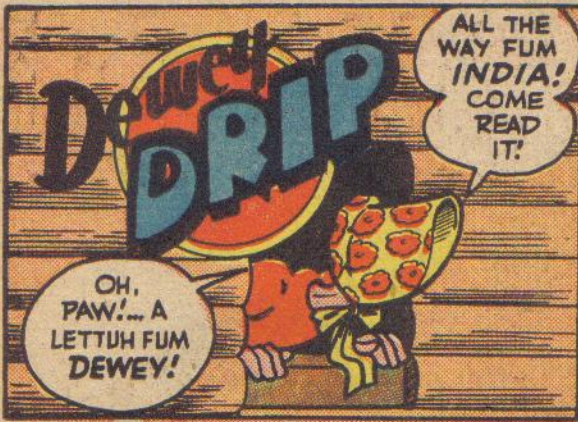












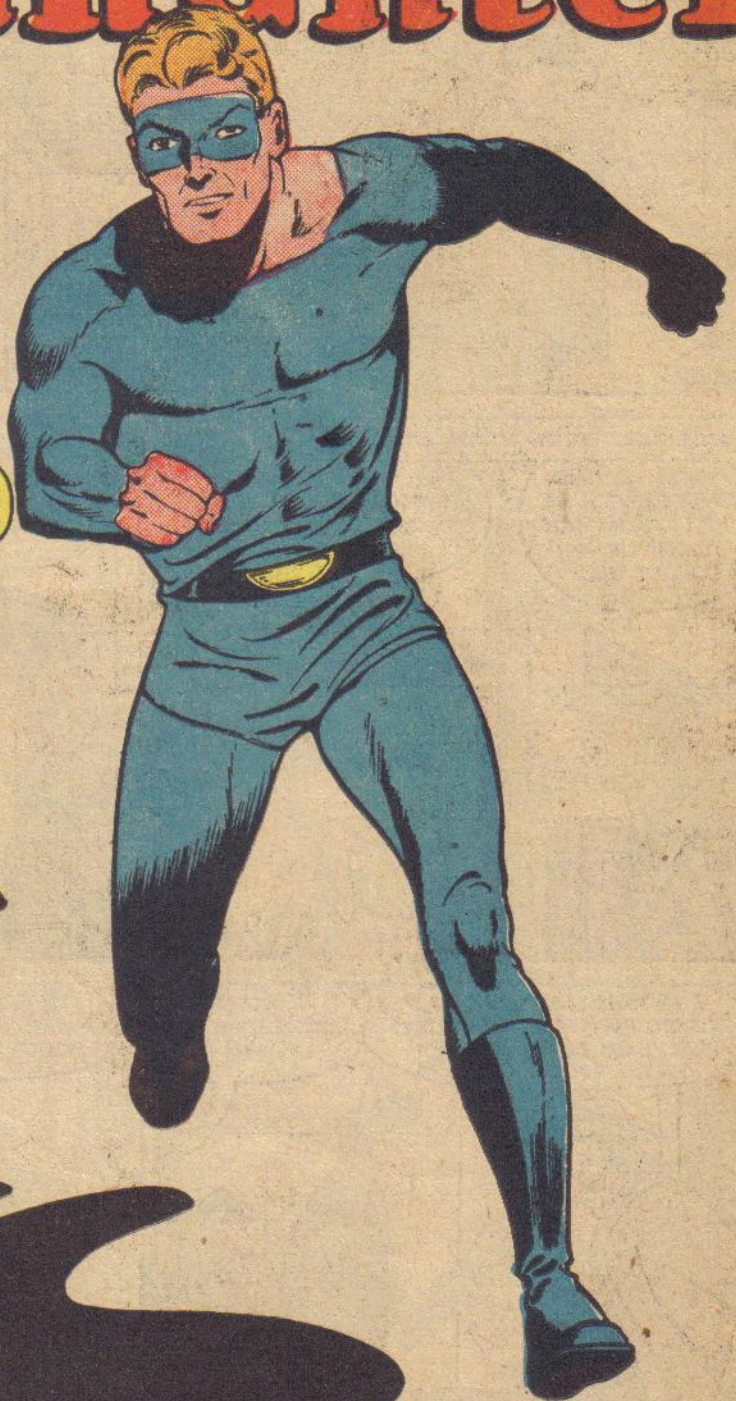
POLICE COMICS

Manhunter

Two battling bodies... two brilliant brains... two heroic hearts...

And only **ONE WISH**...

Manhunter and Thor concentrate every atom of energy on the fierce fight against **EVIL!**



A noted criminal trial ends --- another **TRIUMPH** for Gowland, brilliant chief deputy prosecutor ---



YOU CONVICTED MY CLIENT, GOWLAND, AND I'M SORRY! BUT I CAN'T HELP ADMIRING YOUR MIND AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF LAW!

THAT'S GENEROUS, COMING FROM MY OPPONENT! I'M AFRAID I'LL DEFEAT YOU WHEN YOU REPRESENT OTHER CRIMINALS, MORTON!

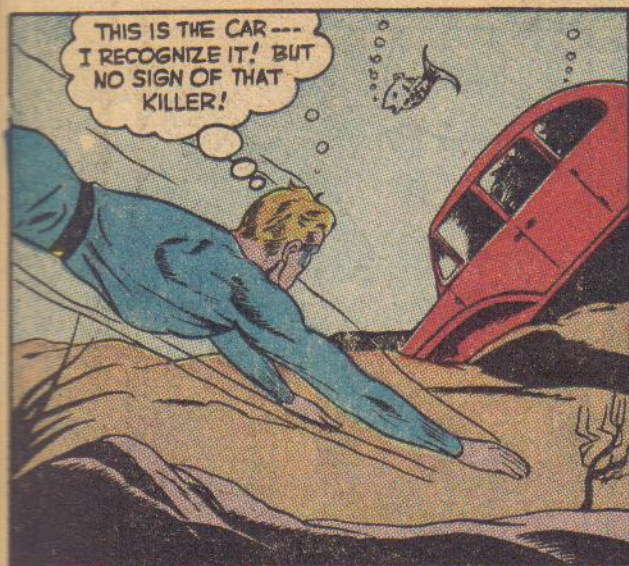


Gowland celebrates with his friends, the police....





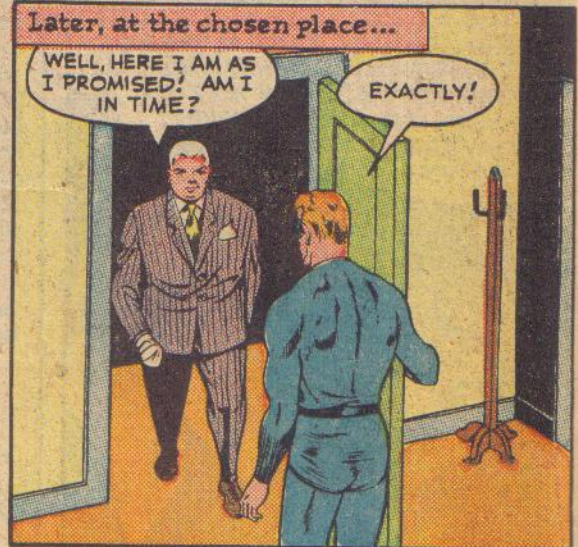
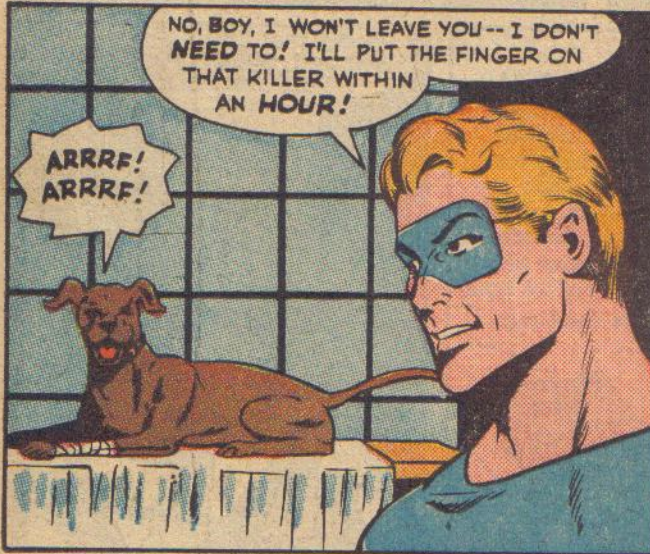
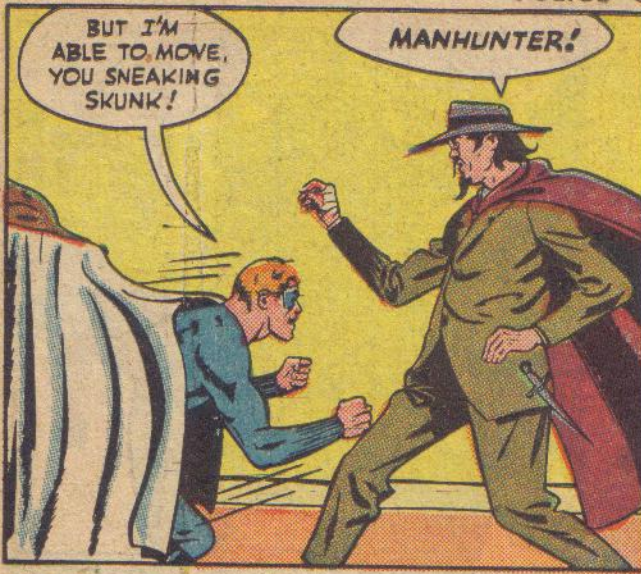


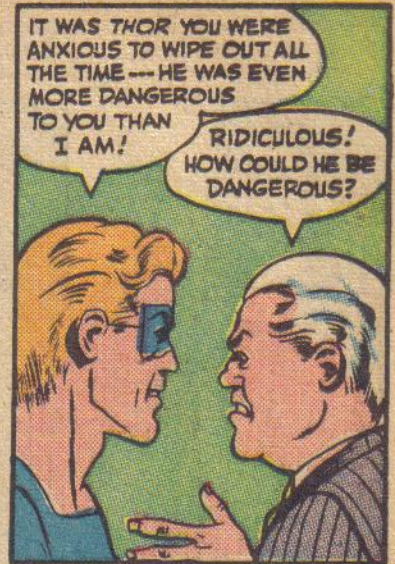




POLICE COMICS



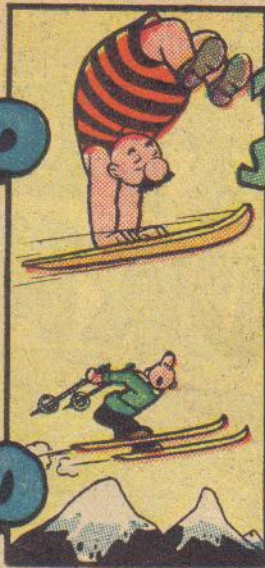




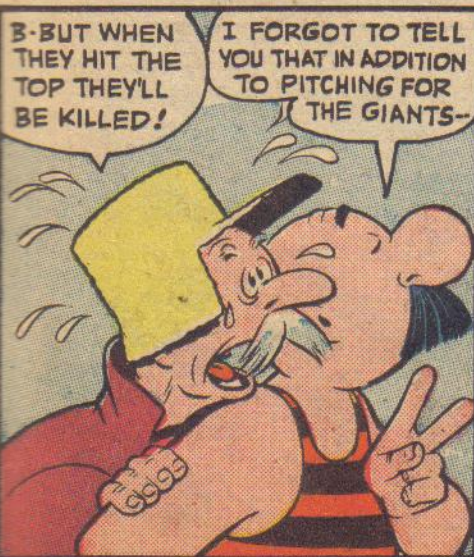
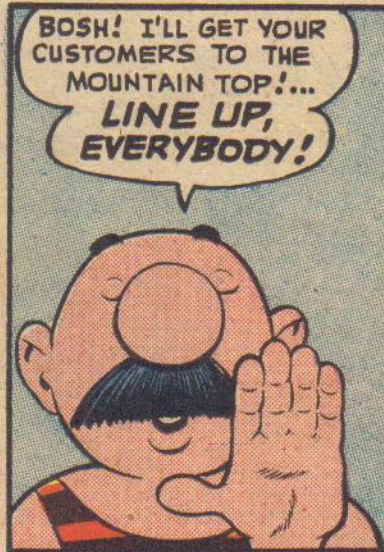


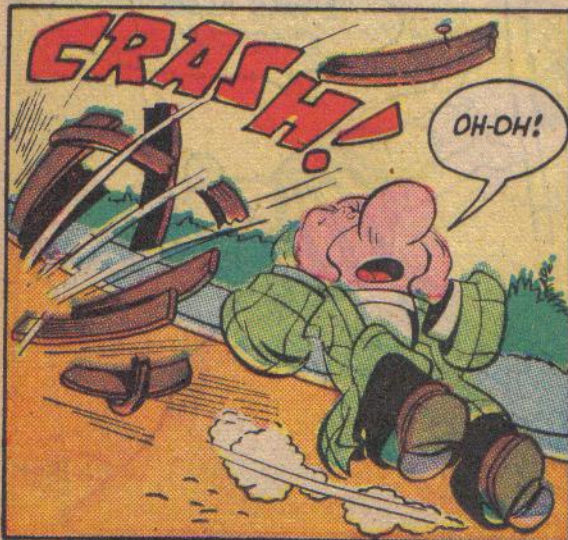
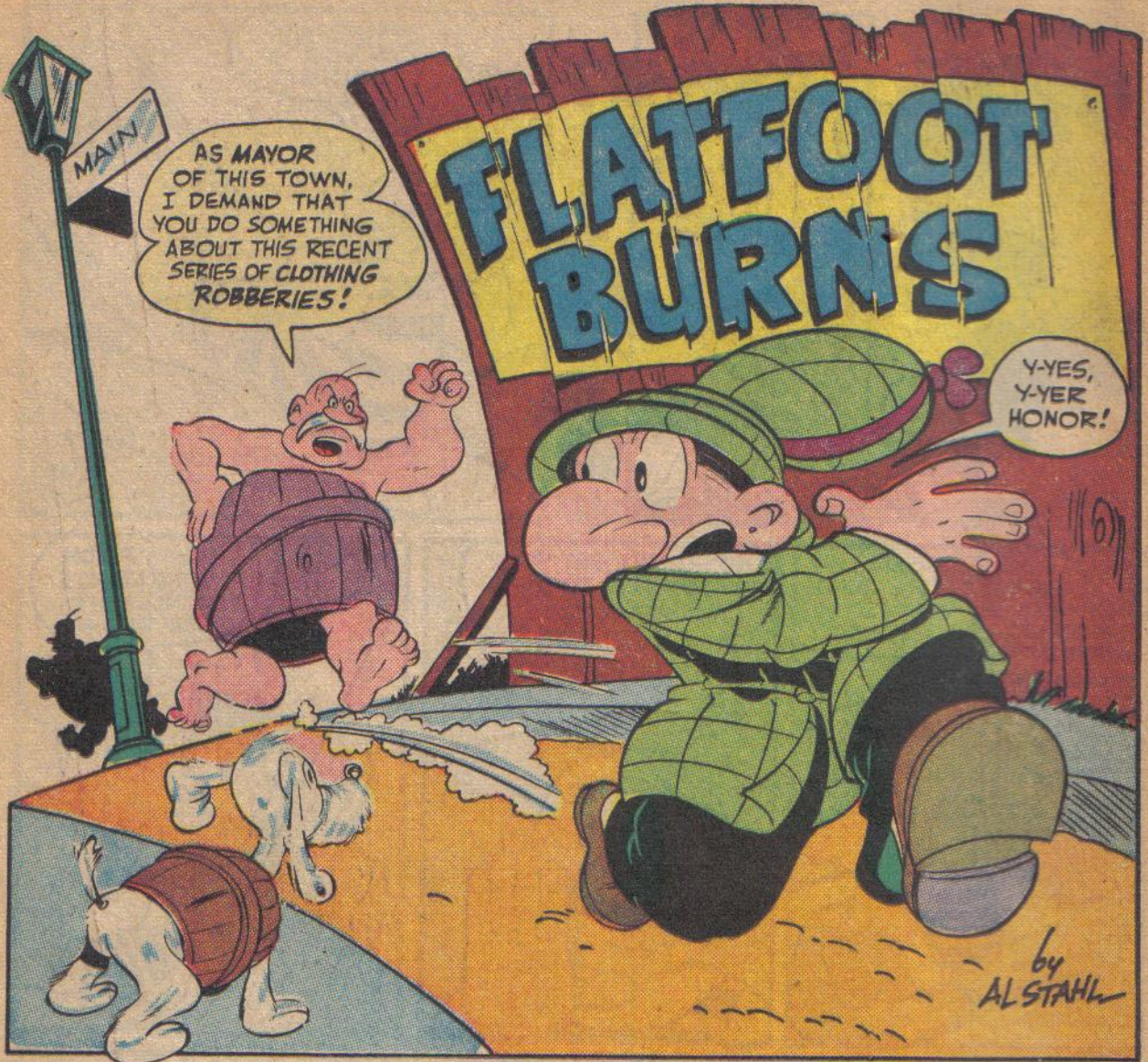
BURP THE TWERP

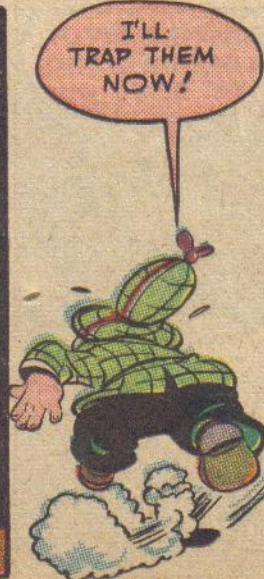
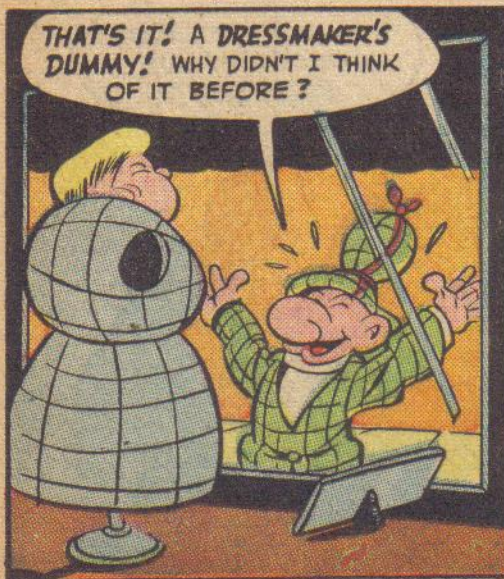
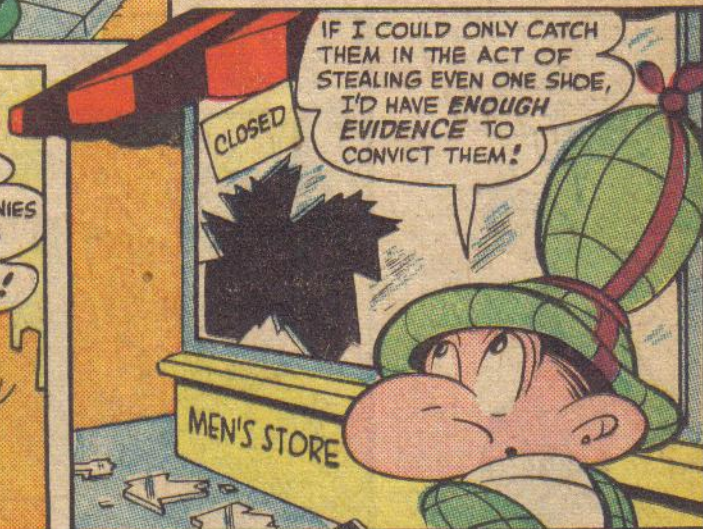
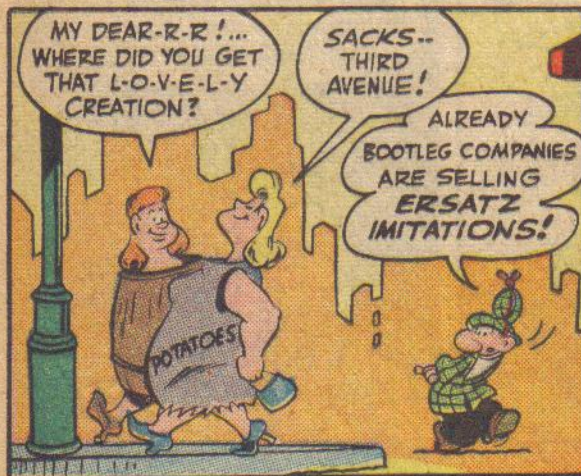
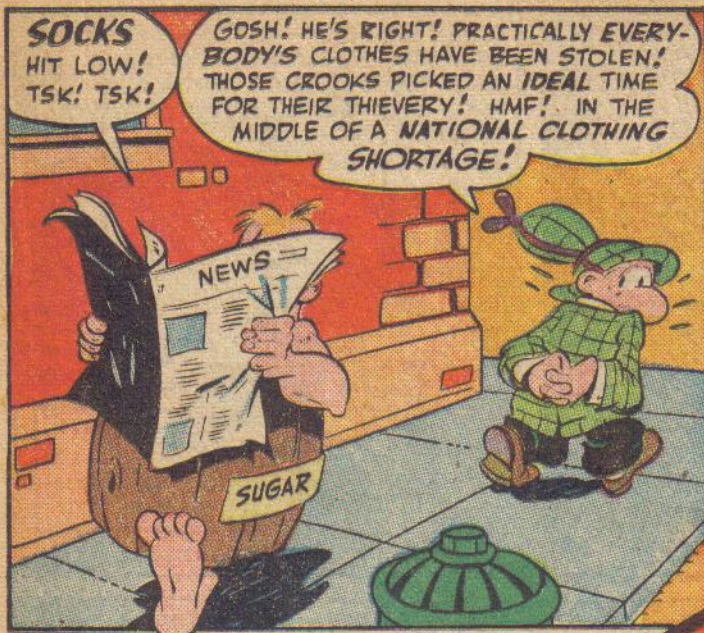
by
RALPH
JOHNS

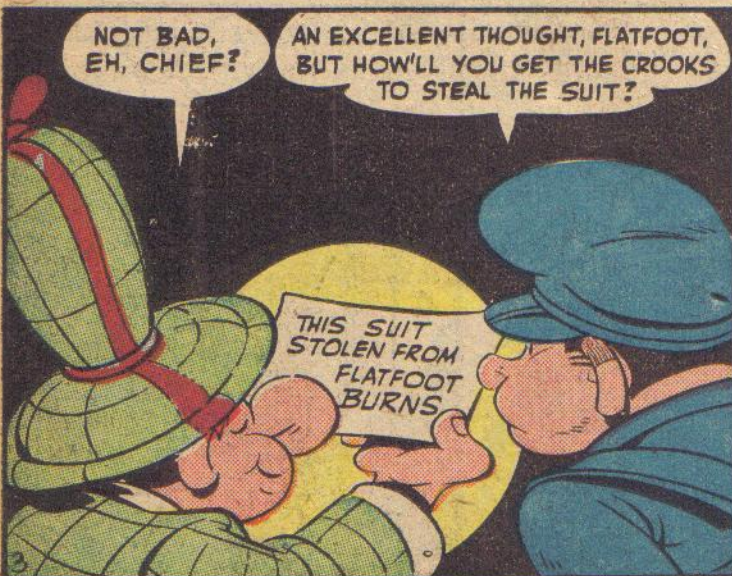
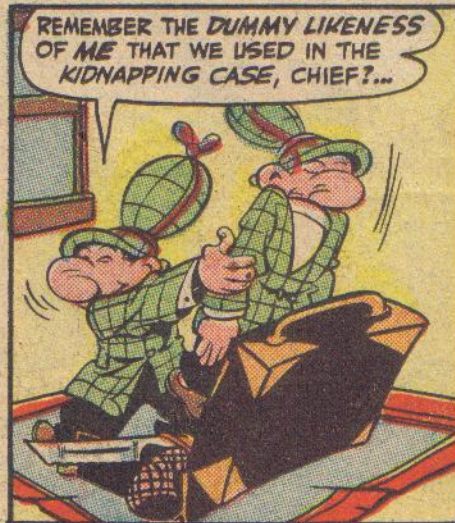
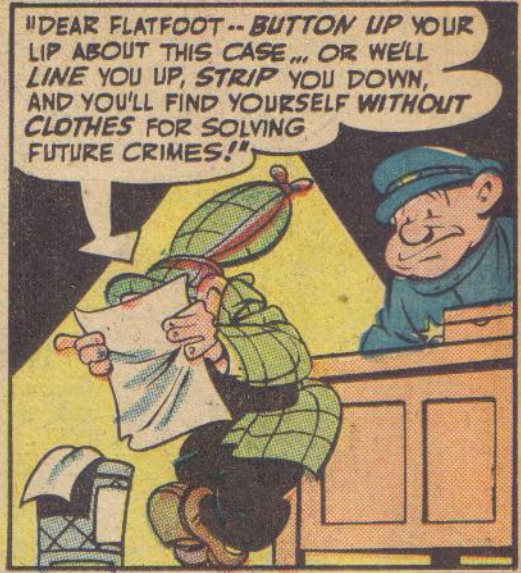


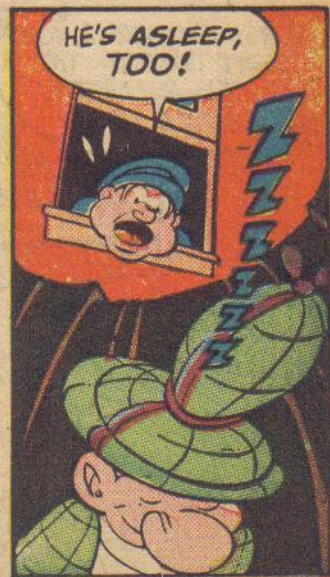
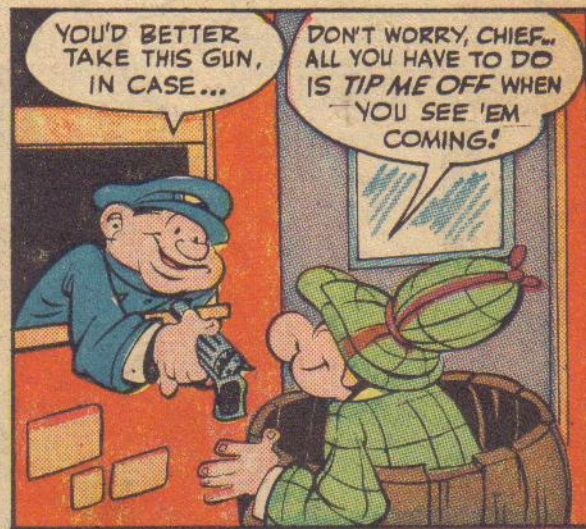
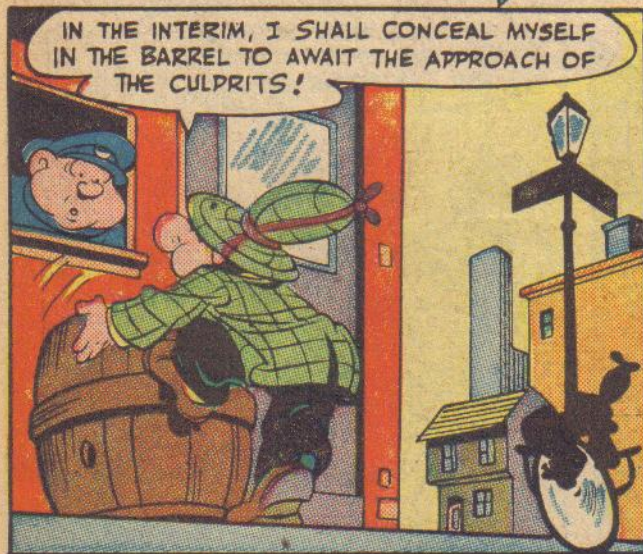
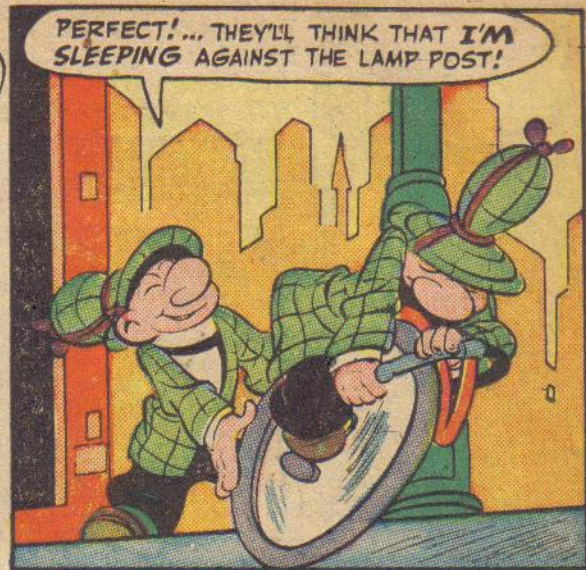
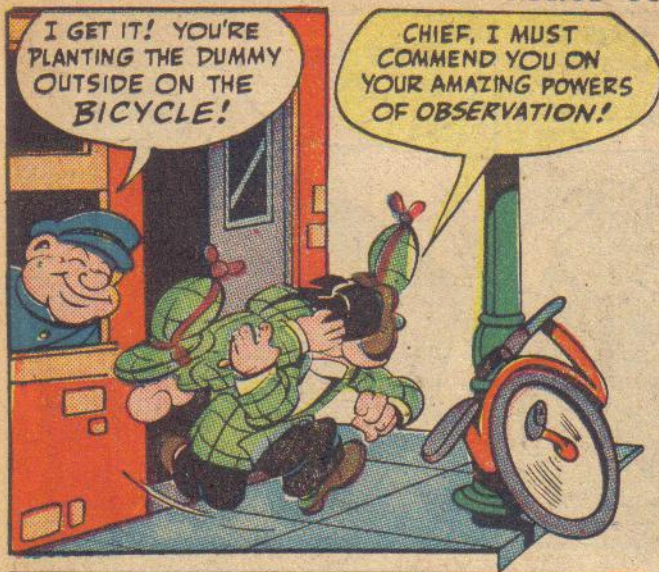
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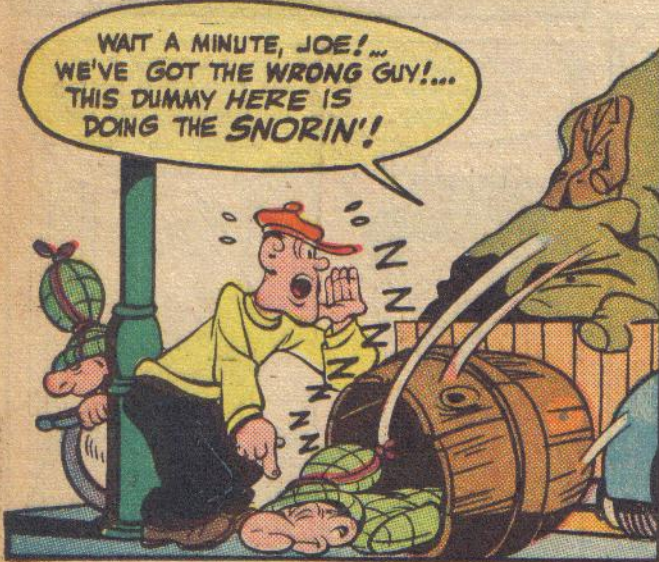
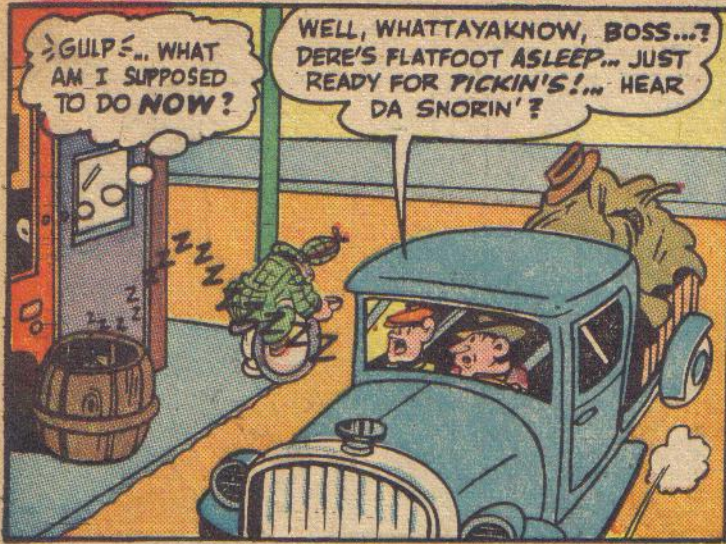


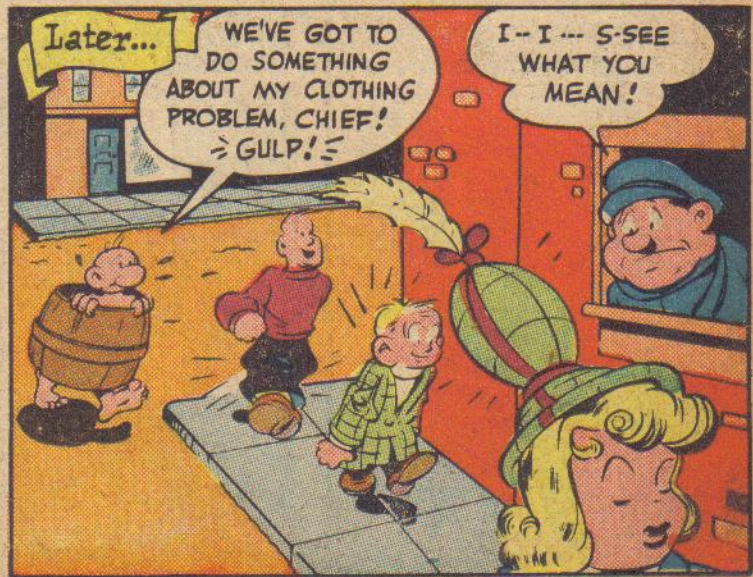
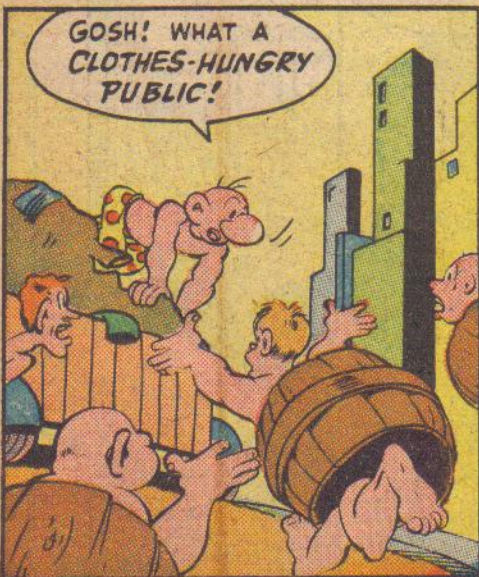
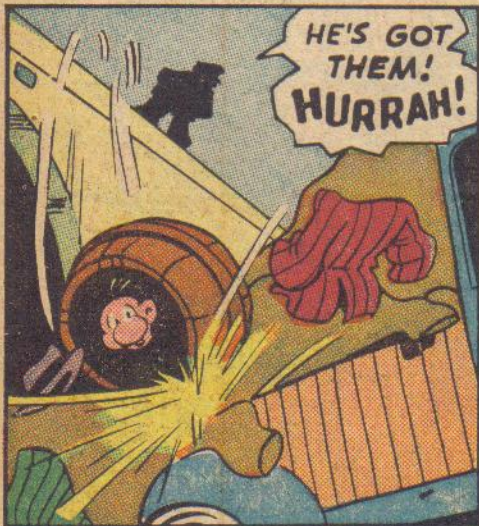












The HUMAN BOMB

Presenting Hustace Throckmorton, the only one of his kind in the known world ---- glory be!

Never before has so small a brain and body stirred up so gigantic a mess of trouble, day in and day out, week after week, from one year's end to the other ---

Everybody knows Scientist Roy Lincoln who doubles as *The Human Bomb*!

SNF! SNF! WHAT'S THAT, HUSTACE--A NEW SOFT DRINK?

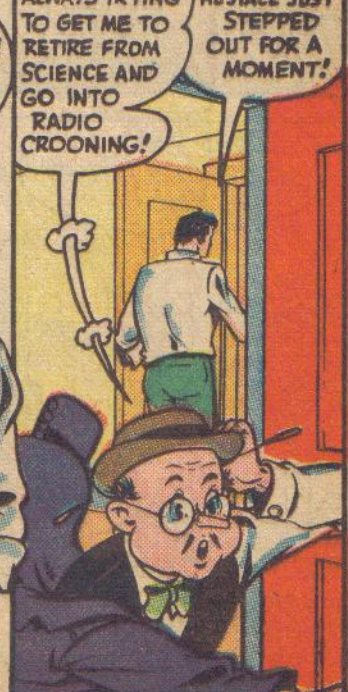
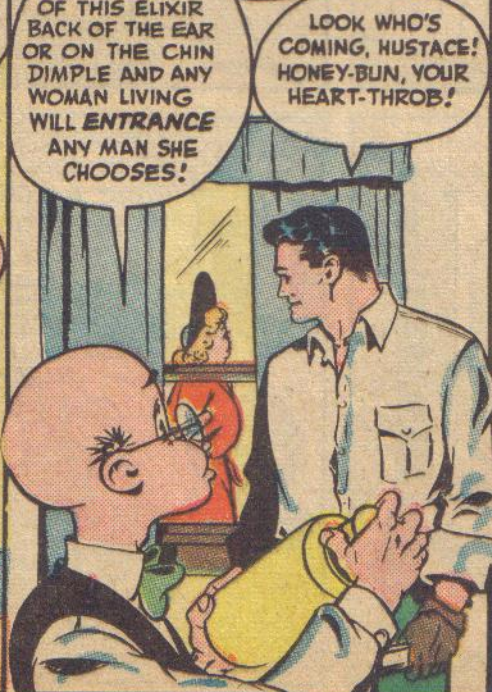
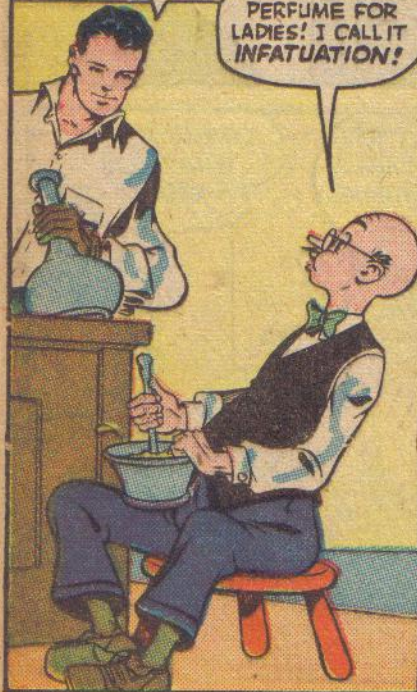
MY MASTERPIECE, ROY! A NEW AND OVERWHELMING PERFUME FOR LADIES! I CALL IT INFATUATION!

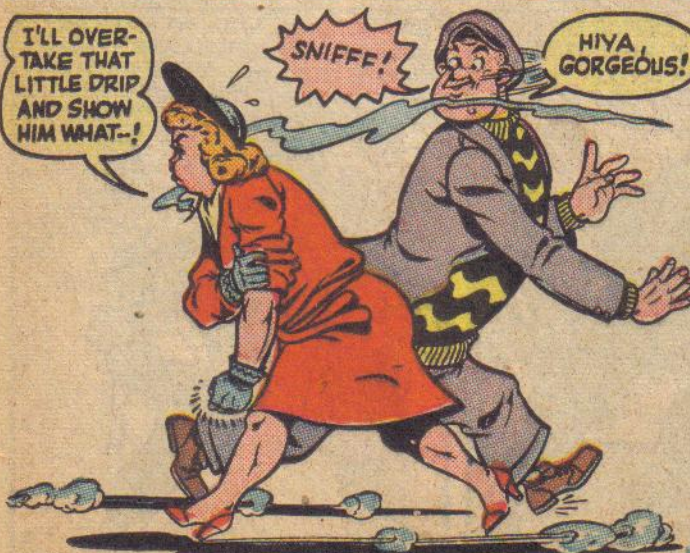
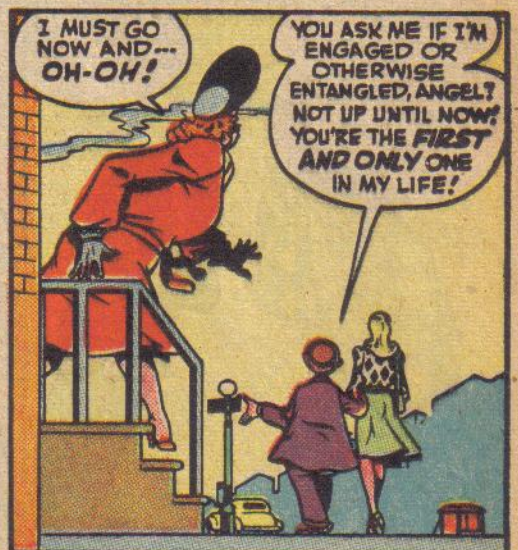
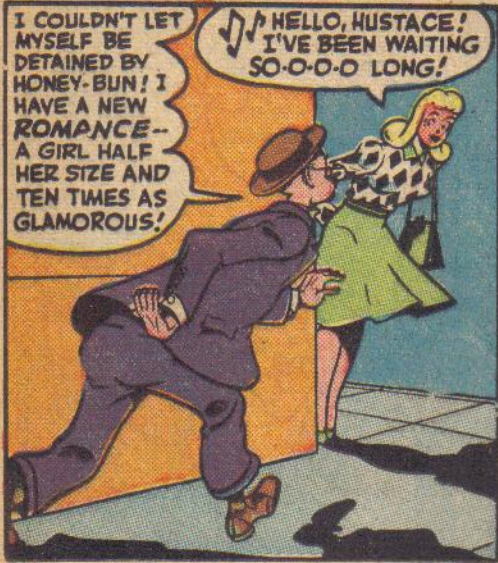
ONE TOUCH OF THIS ELIXIR BACK OF THE EAR OR ON THE CHIN DIMPLE AND ANY WOMAN LIVING WILL ENTRANCE ANY MAN SHE CHOOSES!

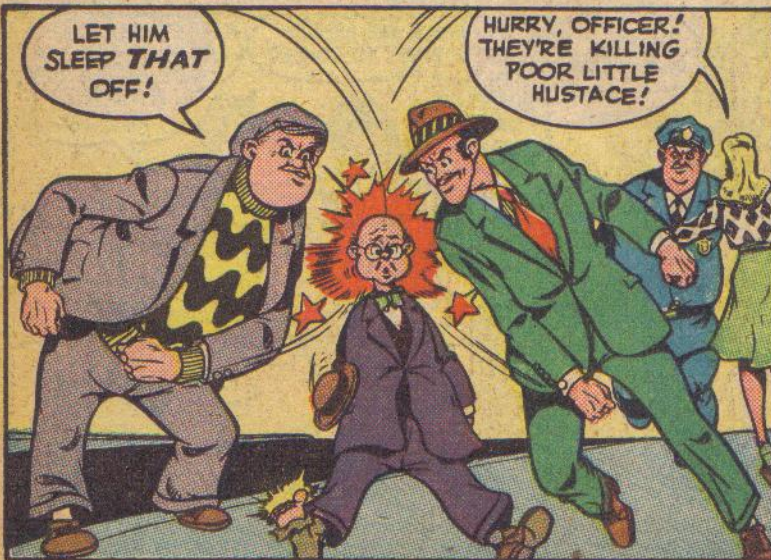
LOOK WHO'S COMING, HUSTACE! HONEY-BUN, YOUR HEART-THROB!

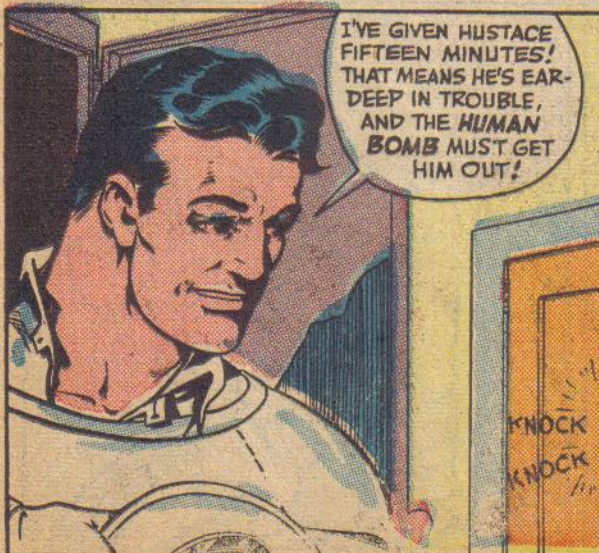
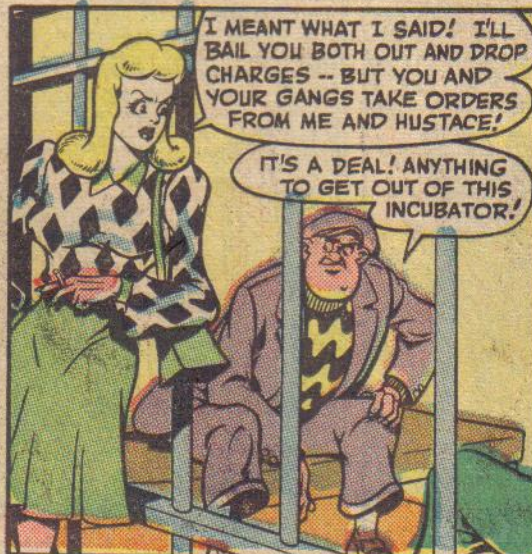
LET ME OUT OF HERE! SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO GET ME TO RETIRE FROM SCIENCE AND GO INTO RADIO CROONING!

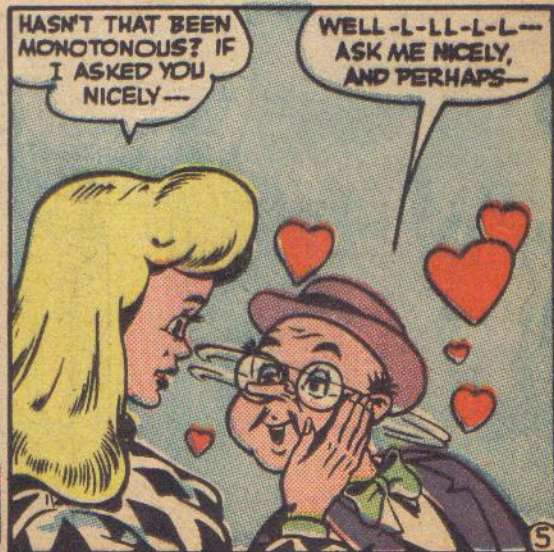
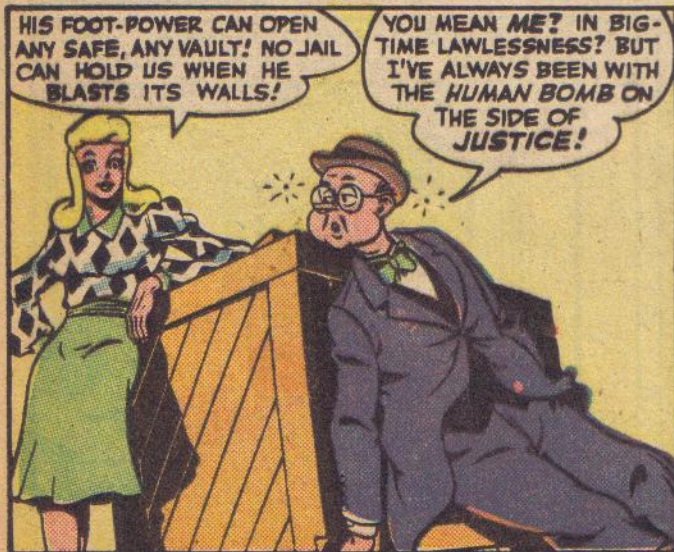
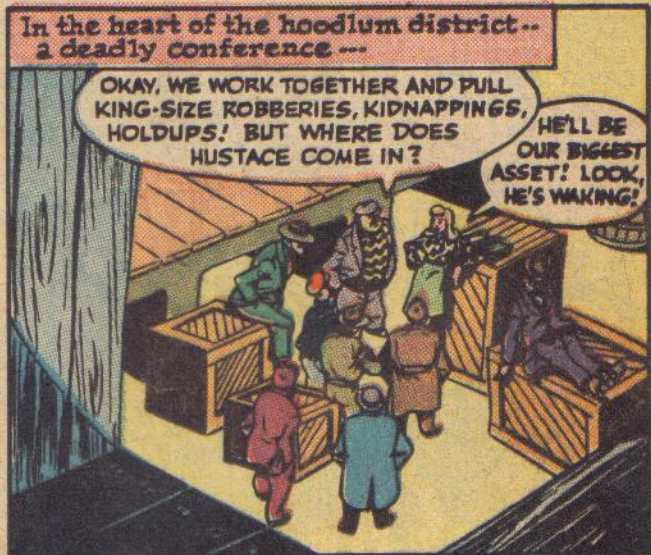
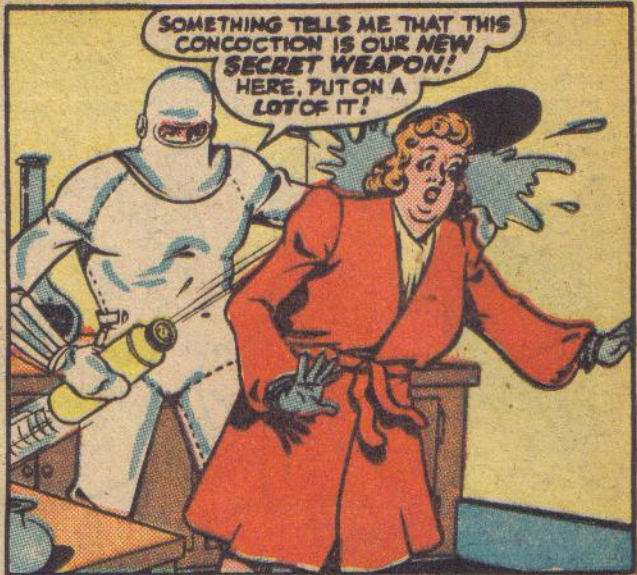
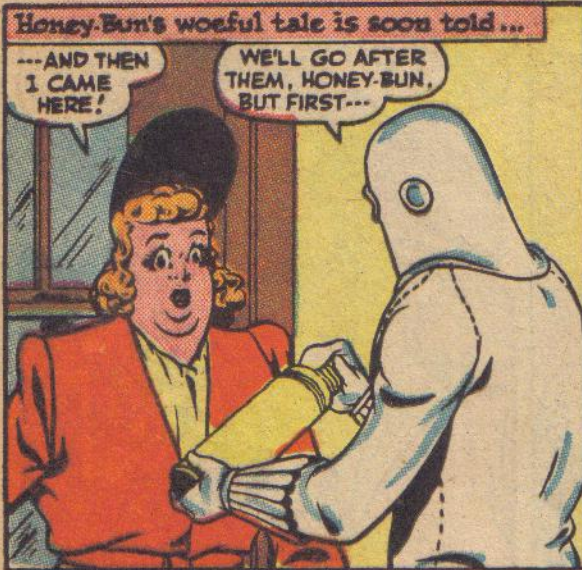
COME IN, HONEY-BUN! HUSTACE JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A MOMENT!

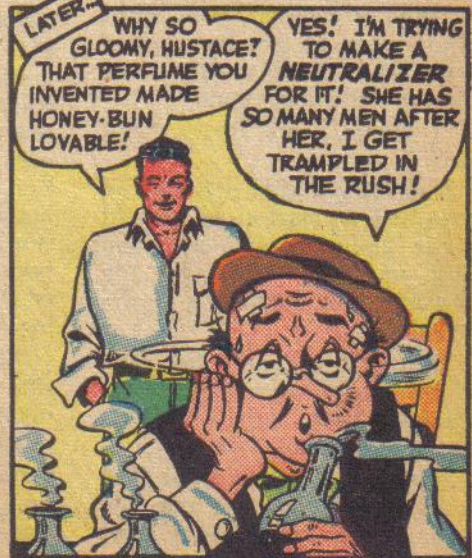
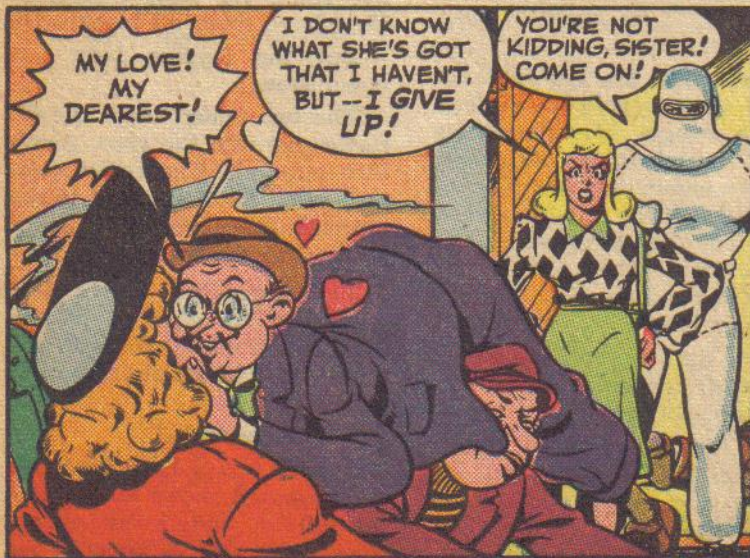
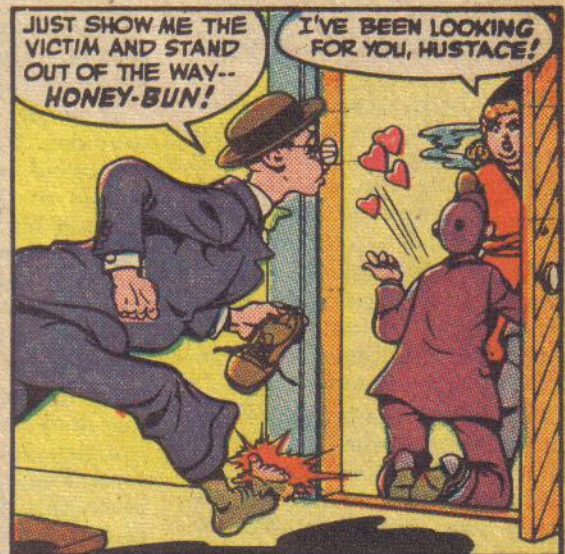
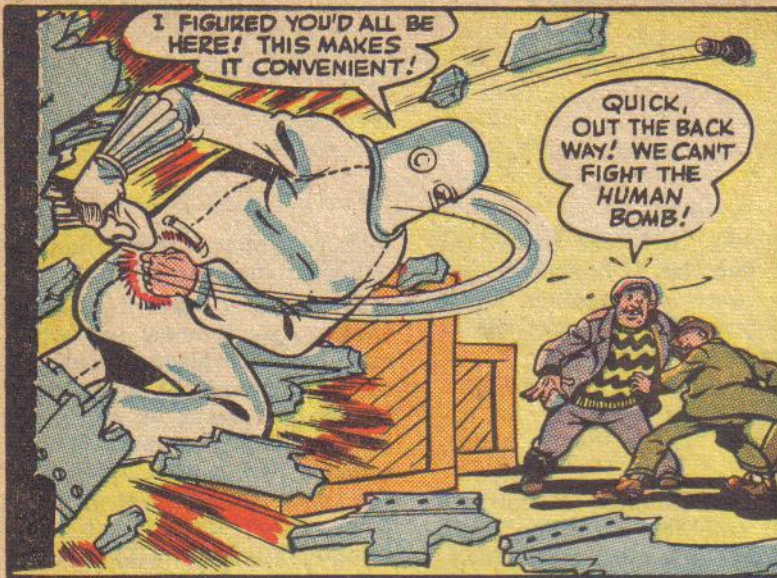












HAUNTED THEATRE

AS the curtain came down on the last act, everybody backstage and many in the front rows of the audience heard the scream. It was a woman's shriek of agony and it quivered in the hushed air like an animal cry.

Huff, the stage director, ran from his cubby office and along the catwalk to the hall where the stars' private dressing rooms were located. He listened at each of the five doors, but heard nothing except a scratchy phonograph record of The Missouri Waltz.

Who had screamed? Huff pondered. He saw some stage carpenters talking in quiet tones and he put the question to them. No, they didn't know who had screamed.

"It wasn't Stella, I know that," said Briggs, chief electrician. "She couldn't yell that loud if her life depended upon it. Must've been old Pansy."

Old Pansy was a has-been of ancient vintage who haunted the theatre and talked about the "days that used to be, when I was a star." Harmless, doddering old Pansy.

"Who screamed?" Huff asked Pansy when he saw her coming along the corridor from the Deacon's dressing room.

"I dunno," said Pansy. "Not me."

It developed that nobody had screamed. At least no one would admit having screamed when Huff at last had made the rounds asking questions of everyone.

"I don't get it," he said. "Someone let out a war whoop. Someone back here. Now who was it and what for?"

But Huff didn't find out. The next evening, just as the last curtain was rung down, that chilling scream rang out again.

Everyone backstage looked at everyone else. It happened that they were all together, so it was impossible that any one of them had screamed.

Huff was there looking frightened. "What is this?" he demanded. "Is the theatre haunted?"

"The Haunted Theatre'—good title for a thriller," said Larkin, the leading man. "Maybe I'll write it."

"Whodunnit?" Huff glared around. "That's what I want to know—whodunnit?"

It made the headlines the next day. Some newshawk had got wind of the mysterious scream at the last curtain and made a big play of it, even to using Larkin's title. At first the producer and Huff raved about the publicity, then they discovered that the theatre was a sell-out that evening.

As the curtain came down on the final act, the scream tore through the quiet backstage area. The cast looked at each other, this time with a glimmer of fear in their faces. What was this? Nobody was making the sound, and yet there it was, every last curtain.

Huff was at his wits' end. He called up the police and they sent a couple of plainclothes men to watch things backstage. For two nights they found nothing, although the scream always shattered the quiet after the final curtain. They left at the end of a two-day vigil, scratching their heads.

"The darn opey's haunted," was their explanation of the mysterious occurrence.

It's funny how such things work on the human mind. At first, no one paid much attention to the scream. But people cannot go on letting a thing like

that continue without finding out what made it tick.

If you're a student of psychology, you'll know just what reactions take place because of such a dilemma. At times, people do not react as expected. Fear is a strange emotion. Those screams had caused several in the cast to fear—something. They didn't know what. Just something unknown. That is the worst form of fear!

Larkin reacted first. Casually he told the director of the show that he was cancelling his contract and taking a new job with another cast. Naturally, the director threw a fit. Where would he get another man to take the lead's place? Larkin named somebody. The director named a higher figure if Larkin would reconsider.

Larkin wouldn't. He left.

The screams went on for two more nights. Then the leading lady announced her intention of quitting to take a new job. The director tore his hair. His show would fall to pieces. They were treating him shabbily. He would not stand for such treatment. He'd have them all blacklisted.

But the leading lady left nonetheless.

The two understudies the director put into the show didn't turn out well. The critics panned. What had happened to the old theatre? Was the haunt causing all the trouble?

The newspapers had a field day. And three more of the cast quit in alarm. But still the scream was heard at the end of each day's final.

The show folded.

Brandt was a hard man. He had operated shows for a quarter-century and knew everything there was to know about

the theatre business. The scream didn't worry him a bit. He opened to a fair house with a good play. The critics gave it nice notices and the crowds increased.

At the end of the last curtain, a scream tore through the heavy, tense air backstage. Brandt said, "What was that?" and called everybody to him.

"Now listen," he said. "I've heard all about this ghostly scream. I'm having none of it. Someone had it in for old Brandon; wanted his show to collapse. I'm not Brandon, see. So whoever's doing the scream act, turn it off!"

Everybody assured Brandt that the scream had not emanated from him or her. They too had heard about the scream and Brandon's show folding because of it—or at least the principals leaving because of it. They didn't like it; show people are notoriously superstitious.

The next night the scream came again. Brandt swore and stamped his feet. "This has got to stop!" he yelled.

His leading lady fainted. She knew about that scream. It had 'got' her. Upon coming to her senses, she swore that she would not go on if the scream was heard again.

Brandt called upon an old friend who happened to be in the city—Dick Mace. Would Dick come over and take a look around? Dick would and did.

That night, just as the last curtain fell, a blood-curdling shriek ripped through the expectant silence backstage. The leading lady promptly fainted again, and they carried her into her dressing room. She was "through" when smelling salts revived her. She began packing.

Brandt cursed and stalked back and forth. No, he wouldn't let his show fold because of some foolishness. Dick HAD to find the cause of the scream!

"I'll do my best," he assured the show operator.

Dick ferreted through every room backstage. The sound as he heard it had seemed to emanate from a certain area in the neighborhood of the prop room. He found nothing there that could have produced the sound. The regular prop man had been far distant when the scream came.

Dick was in a muddle when the next night rolled around. He had searched the entire theatre, finding nothing that could have done a mechanical scream; certainly it was no one in the troupe!

As the final curtain came down, the scream came. Brandt's leading lady already gone—quit. Her last act came just before the curtain, and tonight she refused to make a curtain call. So Brandt was in need of a new lead for tomorrow.

Two of Brandt's cast asked for their full pay that night. They admitted that the scream had got them. No, they were not frightened, just taking no chances with something that couldn't be explained.

"But it can be explained," railed Brandt. "Listen, I have the best detective in the country working on the thing. Stick until he finds the answer, which will be soon, I promise you."

No dice. The two left. And now Brandt was in need of three people. And good show people were scarce.

"Well, how about it?" he asked Dick on the morning of the third day. "Find anything?"

"Not certain," said Dick. "But I've got a good lead. Give me until tonight and I think I'll have something for you."

"If you don't, we're all ruined," said Brandt.

Dick was talking with the old stage doorman early that same afternoon. The old man was quiet, almost morose. He took careful opening up. Dick worked on him. Yes, he had once had aspirations to be a playwright, then an actor. Noth-

ing had come of these things.

Dick could see that the man was embittered. He noticed the small phonograph in the old man's tiny office. He motioned toward it.

"My only company," explained the doorman. "I like to play the classics."

That night Dick was not far from the doorman's office, hidden in a pile of drapes. The old man had the phonograph going, playing recordings of the good classics. Dick looked at his watch. The last curtain would come at 11:45. It was now 11:40.

He heard the rull rumble of applause up above. That would be the last act and curtain. The old man got up and went to his phonograph. Dick heard the shrill scream peal out. He rushed from his pile of drapes and burst into the small office.

"Hold it!" he cried. He grabbed the old man's wrist as he went for a gun in his pocket. "I figured you were behind this," said Dick. "Bitter against all plays and people who play in them because of your sour experience. Where is the amplifier?"

The old man slumped into a chair. Hate showed in his narrow eyes. "So what?" he demanded. "So I did hate 'em. I still do. I'll always hate all of them!"

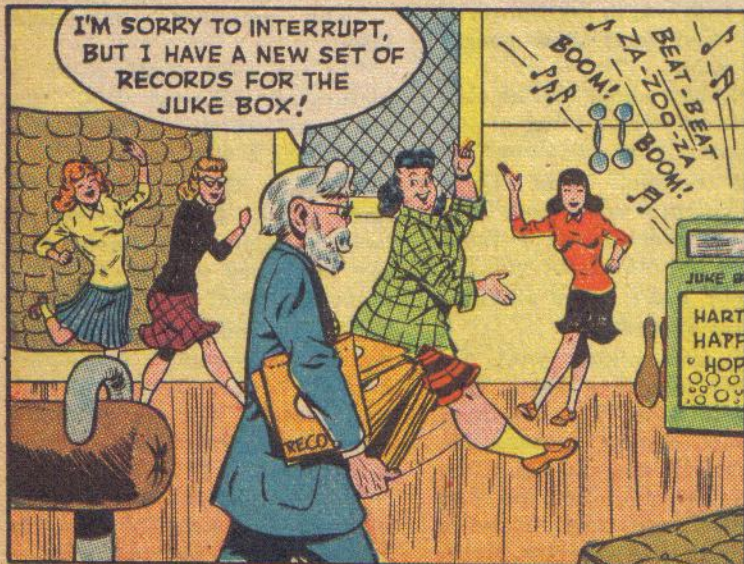
"The amplifier," reminded Dick.

"In the prop room, under a picture on the west wall," the old man explained. "How did you guess I was doing it?"

"Easy," Dick replied. "I knew from the start—or at least as soon as I heard you say you once wanted to be a playwright and then an actor."

The old man nodded dreamily. "A playwright! An actor! I could have been—wonderful, magnificent! But they didn't think so. They wouldn't give me a chance. . . ."

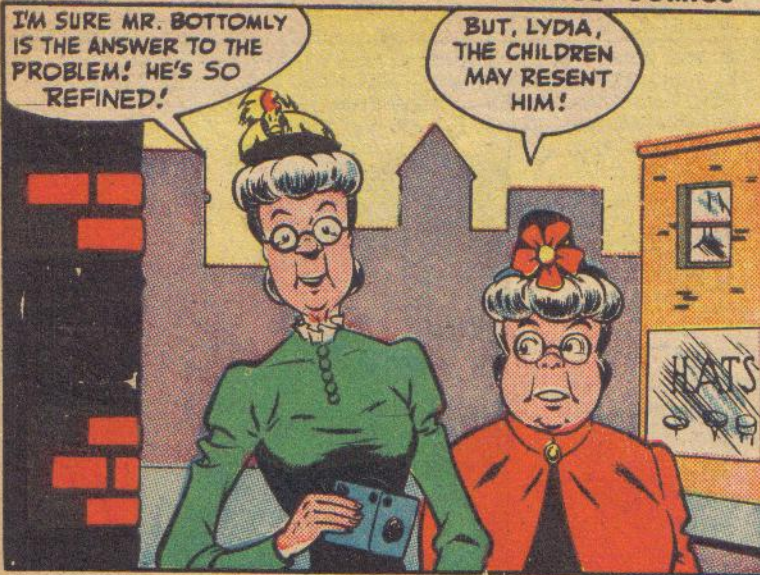
Dick left him mumbling to himself. The irony of fate. He felt sorry for the old man.

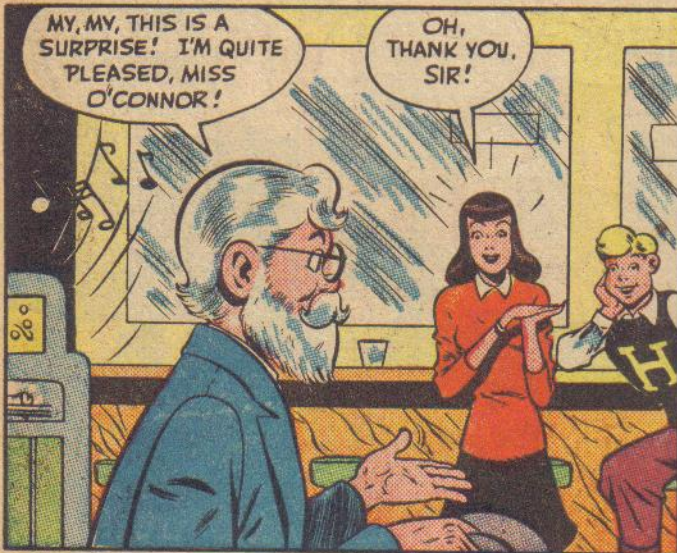
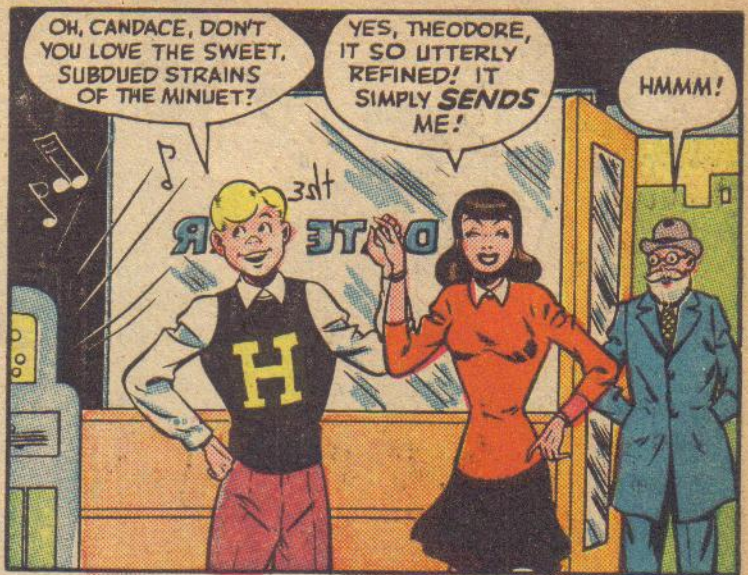


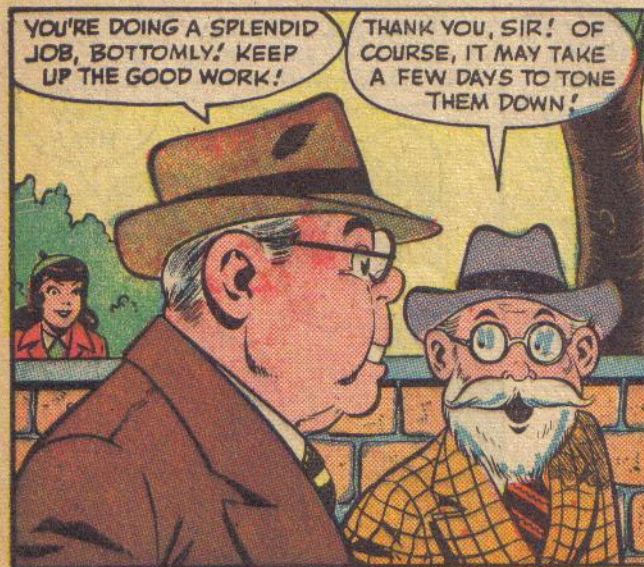
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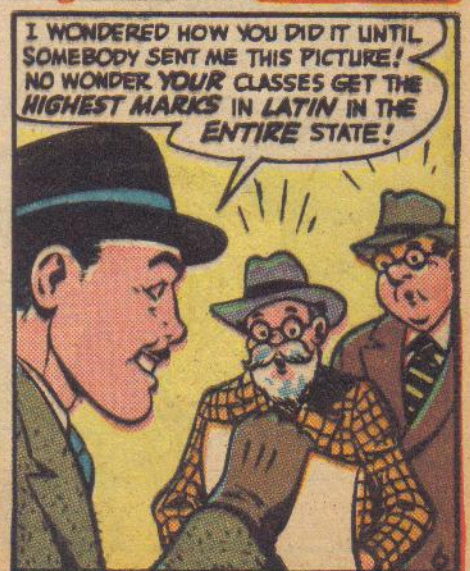
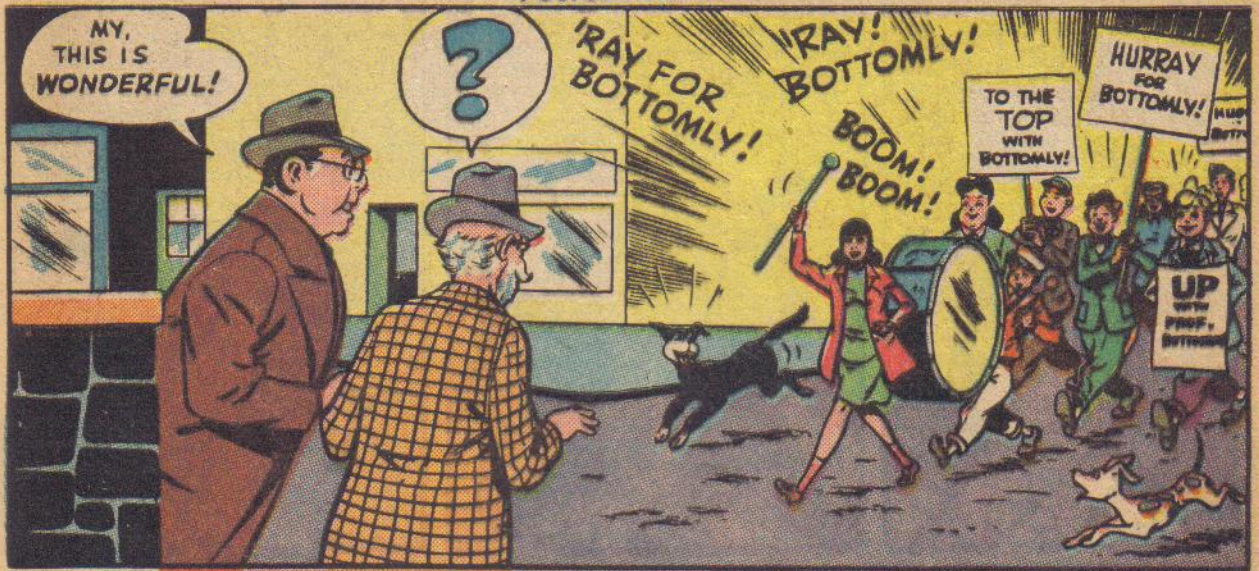


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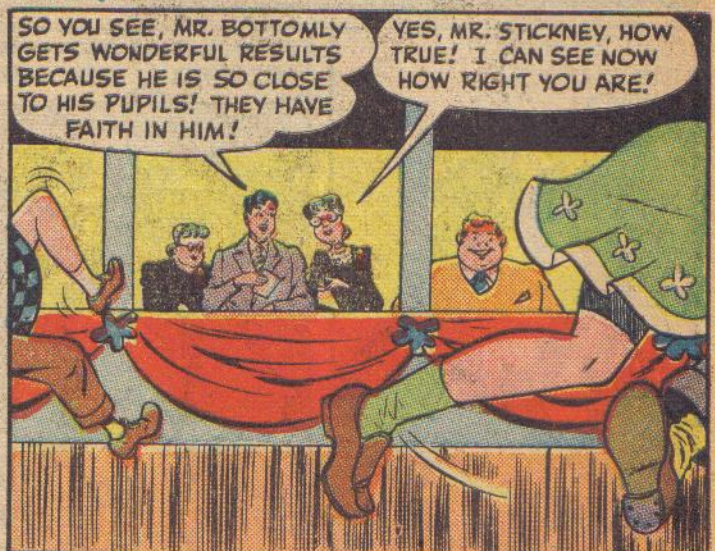
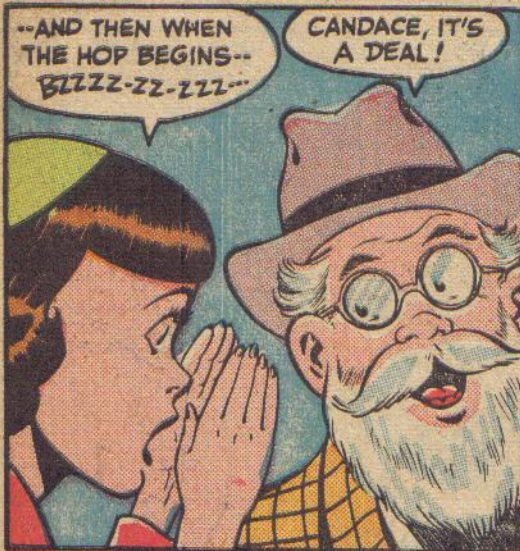
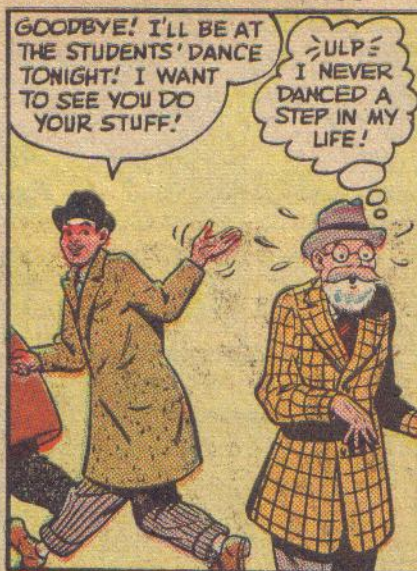








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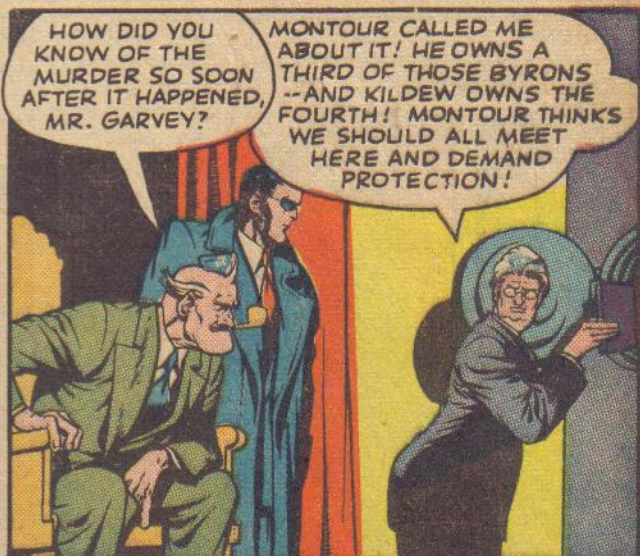
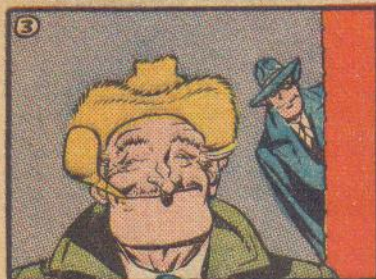




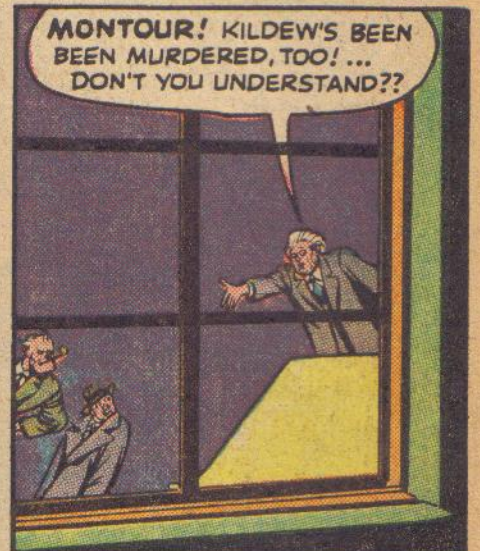
A THOUSAND CRIMES have started this way-- simply, grimly!! ... and a thousand times have the police arrested the butler, maid, janitor, and the ice man... All scientifically deduced! Yet, when they get the *REAL* killer -- "in the end" -- it is *NOT* by pure science. WHY? Because crime and its detection is a fine art. *In crime*, two and two do not always make four and evidence cannot always be measured by inches or feet!

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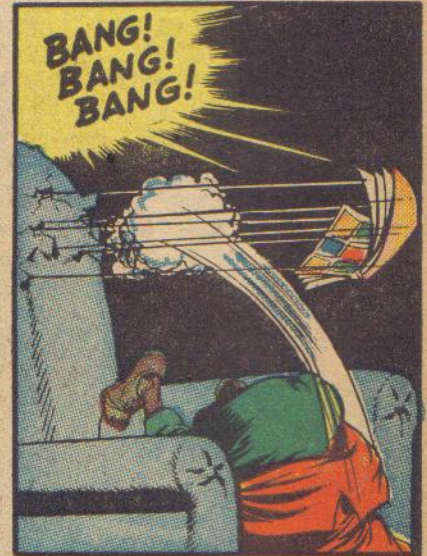
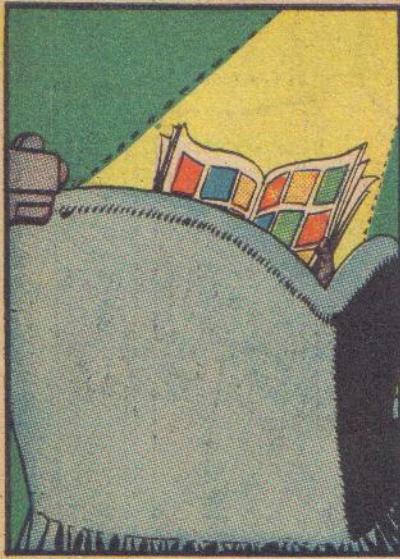


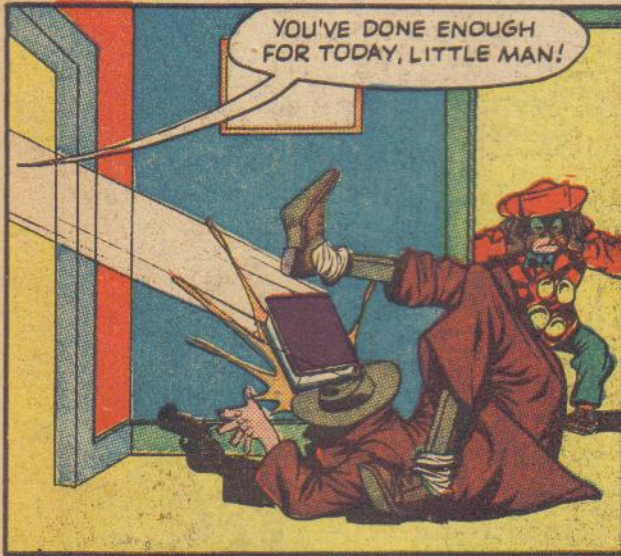
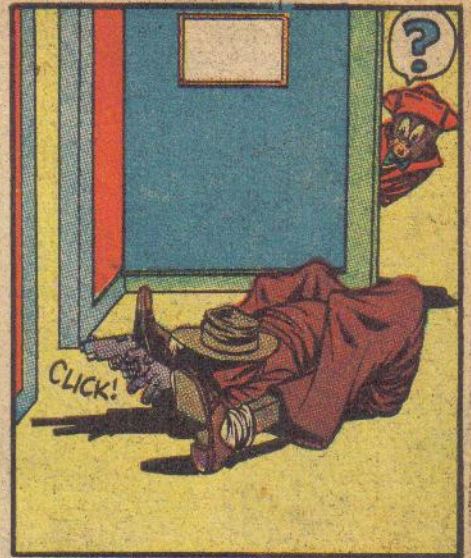
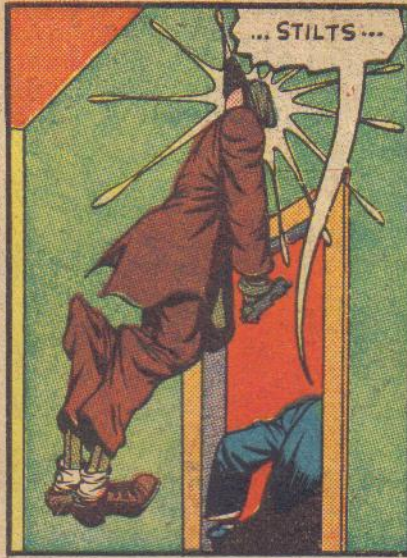


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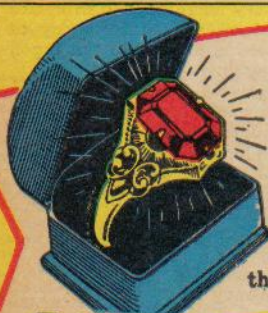
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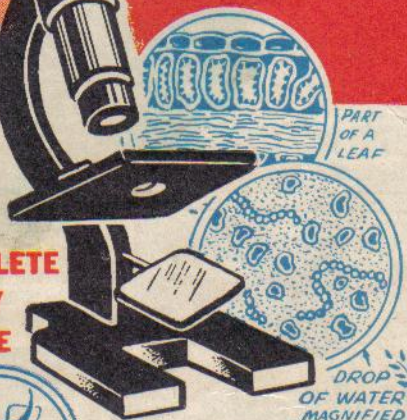
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